McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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MORE ABOUT THE PAVING PROPOSITION.

The "Miner" Man Interviews Prominent State Contractor

THINKS WE HAVE ENOUGH MONEY.

He Says Concrete Foundation is Best but Gravel and Sand Gives Good Satisfaction. Will be Ready For Bids Pretty Soon.

While in Limestville, Pa., last week the editor of the Miner had an interview with Frederick Robinson of Meadville, who is a prominent contractor of paving and macadam roads, both for the State Highway Department and for city and borough corporations, and his words should be most pleasing to all those who would like to see our Main street paved.

Our first question was in regard to the relative merits of the concrete and sand and gravel foundations. Mr. Robinson said that the concrete foundation was the best and stylish such if one could afford it. But he said that the gravel and sand foundation gave very good satisfaction and would last a great many years with little repair. He said that the gravel and sand pavement was more liable to become "wavy" than the concrete, because there was more danger of frost getting under it, but where it was properly drained it would last a lifetime.

We next made some inquiry in regard to the cost of paving and after we had given him the facts in our possession in regard to the cost of materials and labor and their amount of excavating necessary, he said that he thought we could get a first-class concrete job for the money we had to sight and leave a margin for incidentals.

Mr. Robinson was very much interested in the proposed paving here and expressed a desire to be on hand when the contract was awarded and put in a bid for the work.

Engineer Gannon is at work on the plans and specifications and it is expected that he will have things in readiness so that the contract can be let and advertised for bids in the near future. As yet the council has not decided on what kind of foundation shall be used and this question will probably not be settled until after Mr. Gannon has completed his work.

We would suggest that it would be a very sensible plan for them to ask for bids on both kinds of a foundation and settle this question after the bids are in and it is known what the actual relative cost will be.

Severe Hail Storm.

One of the worst hail storms that we have ever had in this section visited this borough and vicinity last Saturday afternoon, doing damage that is hard to estimate but will probably amount to upwards of one thousand dollars.

The storm took a southeasterly course across the upper end of the borough and practically ruined all the gardens in its wake, besides, breaking some windows and damaging fruit and shade trees. It is said that two storms met on the A. L. Gallup farm two miles south of this borough and the wind completely turned a barn around on its foundation, doing a damage of about $500.

The hail stones were the largest ever seen here. They were nearly as large as a hen's egg and in places where they rolled off the roofs they were nearly a foot deep. One woman shoveled up enough back of her home to freeze a large freezer of ice cream, instead of pounding ice, and she could have gathered ten times as many without any effort.

Kane was visited by a similar storm on Monday but it was not as severe as the one here.

James McGowan Painfully Burned.

James McGowan, field superintendent for the Smethport Gas Co., was quite painfully burned on Wednesday of last week, the result of which he has been confined to his home on East Main street for the past week.

He was assisting around a well in Reilly Hollow when an explosion took place and his face, hands and arms were badly burned. He was taken home immediately and medical aid summoned and he was made as comfortable as possible. Although there is little or no danger of serious results, he will be laid up for some time.

The accident was caused by the gas from the well blowing back to the boiler and catching fire and he was very fortunate that his injuries were not more serious. No other damage was done by the explosion.

Wanted.

A good girl at the Bell Telephone office. For further information inquire of
MISS SYLVIA LAWRENCE.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

Port Allegany 3, Smethport 2.

Remnants of the Smethport first team assisted by a number of the high school players were defeated by the above score by the Port Allegany base ball team at Kane Field Tuesday afternoon. Both teams played exceptionally well and the defeat of the home team was due more to hard luck than the superior playing of the visitors.

Tull, our old-time favorite, did the twirling for the home team and surprised his staunchest admirers. He held the visitors down to five hits, three of which were due to slow work and poor judgment in the out field. He struck out fifteen and only passed one man, who got hit apparently on purpose.

The visitors were held down and up to the last half of the fourth during which sides were retired in one, two, three order. McCabe opened the fourth with a single and Glavin attempted to reach [illegible]

NEW ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH
Just Dedicated With Solemn Ceremonies

[illegible] Tull's single.

In the ninth Todd got hit, Jonson and Scott fanned, Todd scored on Robinson's hit, he going to second on the throw and scoring on Gilbly's hit.

Following is the tabulated score:

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Scott, ss	4	0	1	0	1	0
Robinson, 2b	4	1	1	6	1	0
Gilbert, ss	4	0	1	1	1	0
Antonson, cf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Rusky, 1st	3	0	0	7	0	1
Chapin, rf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Hamlin, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Todd, c	3	1	0	10	2	0
Painter, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
*Jordan	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	3	5	27	8	1

*Batted for Painter in 9th.

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, ss	4	1	1	1	2	1
Glavin, 3b	4	1	0	1	0	1
Tull, p	4	0	0	2	5	0
Ross, c	3	0	0	15	2	0
Everetts, 1b	4	0	2	6	2	0
Andrews, 1st	3	0	0	5	1	0
Mott, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Pancoast, cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	2	3	31	12	2

Port Allegany	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	3
Smethport	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	2

Earned runs—Smethport 1.
Three base hits—Antonson, Hamlin.
Two base hit—Scott.
Sacrifice hit—Andrews.
Stolen bases—Gavin 2, Tull, Estes, Double play—Robinson unassisted.
Base on balls—Off Painter 10, by Tull 13.
Hit by pitcher—Todd.
Struck out—by Painter 10, by Tull 15.
Umpires—Bell and Morrison.
Time of game—1:50.

Husband and Cash Gone.

Another instance of man's perfidy and woman's confidence has just come to light. The victim of the man's wiles is a Bradford woman who at the death of her husband was the owner of some oil producing territory and three or four houses in this city. When the customary period of widowhood had expired she remarried. After two years of married life she disposed of her property and with her property went to New York. The cash, $17,000, the proceeds of the sale, she carried in a satchel. On their arrival at the metropolis they went to a room and took the satchel with them. When the woman awakened the next day she found that her husband and satchel had disappeared. Since that time she has been engaged in a frantic search for the man and the money but has failed to find any clue to his whereabouts. —Bradford Herald.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hem lock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH DEDICATED YESTERDAY

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. J. Sheridan of the Diocese of Erie.

BISHOP COULD NOT ATTEND.

Many Priests in Attendance—Impressive Ceremonies and an Excellent Sermon—Visiting Priests Banqueted—Services Were Largely Attended.

The new St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church, situated at the corner of Main and [illegible] streets, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies yesterday morning, Rev. Mgr. P. J. Sheridan of Erie officiating. Bishop Fitzmaurice of Erie would be present and perform the rites but it was impossible for him to come on account of sickness.

Immediately after the dedicatory ceremonies solemn high mass was celebrated. The officers of the mass were as follows: Rev. James Conlin, celebrant; Rev. Peter Cauley, deacon; Rev. Francis Doyle, sub-deacon; Rev. Michael Mackin, master of ceremonies; Rev. Edward Fischer, censer bearer; Rev. Stephen Sheehan, cross bearer.

The sermon was preached by Rev. John J. F. Donellan, rector of the Cathedral of Erie and chancellor of the Diocese. It's address was a masterly effort. It dealt with the church and its work from its foundation to the present time and was very instructive to his large audience.

The choir rendered excellent music and the new pipe organ, which in part was a gift from Andrew Carnegie, was presided over by Miss Enhart.

The out-of-town priests present were: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sheridan of Erie, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wister of Meadville, Father Hickey, O. F. M., of Allegany, Father Donnellan of Erie, Father Conlin of Girard, Father Curley of Kane, Father Fischer of Mordsdale-Mines, Father O'Brien of Austin, Father Sheehan of Coudersport, Father Sheridan of Oil City, Father Doyle of Clermont, Father Becker of Port Allegany, Father Blake of Mt. Jewett, Father Fitzgerald of Bradford, Father Mackin of Eldred, Father Donohue of Sartwell and Father Coonan of Bradford.

Immediately after dedicatory services were over Father Dugan, rector of St. Elizabeth's church, invited the visiting clergy to the parsonage where an excellent repast was in waiting for them, and a pleasant hour passed.

St. Elizabeth's church is one of the handsomest and most substantial church edifices in this section of the state and too much credit cannot be given the rector, Rev. J. F. Dugan, for his untiring efforts which have been instrumental in building this temple of worship. Father Dugan has been here less than three years yet he has won the respect, confidence and friendship of every man, woman and child in Smethport.

Dry Goods Bargains.

I am offering my entire stock of dry goods, shoes, etc., at great bargains. Call and see the stock before it is all gone. No such bargains can be found again.

F. W. BROWNELL.

Lawn Swings.

We have a few of our own make left, closing them out at $5, less than cost.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Death of Editor Gould.

A. D. Gould died suddenly at his home in Eldred on Tuesday night, a victim of heart disease. His death was entirely unexpected. Mr Gould was editor of the Eldred Eagle. He founded the paper during the early oil developement of the Northern field and continued to own and conduct it up to the time of his death. Prior to locating in Eldred he had a job printing office in Tarport, now East Bradford.

He was prominent in the affairs of the Republican party, having been secretary of the county committee, delegate to the State convention, etc. For several years he had been connected with the State Pure Food department. In Eldred he was a leading figure in local affairs, a director of the Eldred bank, president of the Home Gas company of Eldred and was always identified with movements which had for their object the improvement of his home town. He was prominent in Masonic circles and was a member of the Knights of Pythias. The deceased is survived by his wife and three sisters, Misses Jennie and May Gould of Emporium. He was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1856. His early life was passed there and in Emporium, Pa., where the remains were laid to rest in the family burial plot.

Mr. Gould's death will be sincerely mourned by many friends. He was a man of most excellent traits of character.—Ex.

Dies of Injuries.

Daniel Dunday, of Hazelhurst, died at the Kane hospital, at 8 o'clock Thursday morning from injuries received while playing ball at Straights on last Sunday.

While at the bat in last Sunday's game between the nines of Hazelhurst and Straights, at the latter place, Dunday received a blow on the head from a pitched ball which knocked him down and when his friends went to his assistance he informed them that he was seriously injured. A physician was summoned and such assistance as was possible given, after which he was taken to his home at Hazelhurst. By Wednesday his condition had not improved, but rather grown worse, and it was feared that he should be taken to the Kane hospital, where the physicians determined upon an operation in the hope of saving his life.

The operation was performed Wednesday, but to no purpose, and Dunday died the same evening. The autopsy disclosed that the blow had fractured the skull.

The deceased was aged about 20 years and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dunday of Hazelhurst, where the family has resided since the beginning of the glass industry in that place.

The young man was universally popular, and his untimely end is mourned by a large number of friends.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Murder at James City.

Monday's Kane Republican says: The citizens of James City were horrified this morning to learn that a murder had been committed in their midst and that the man who was guilty of the crime had made good it's escape.

The particulars as near as we have been able to learn are as follows: There were four Italians who had occupied the same camp at James City for nearly a year, working for James Bros., getting out chemical wood. Last night Forton came in about half past nine, when his three companions were in bed. He commenced making a noise shouting and yelling so the three men could not sleep. He was told to shut up and go to bed, but he refused and said he was going to make trouble; he went to his trunk and got a hatchet and started toward the bed. Locastre Pasquate saw him coming and jumped up and got his knife and got his work in first resulting in the death of the disturber of his slumbers. The dead man lay where he had fallen while the three other men started for Kane, Frank and John Polombo coming to the office of James Bros., where they told what had occurred.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

GRANGE BANK FORMALLY OPENED ON TUESDAY.

A Large Crowd of Visitors Were Present for the Occasion.

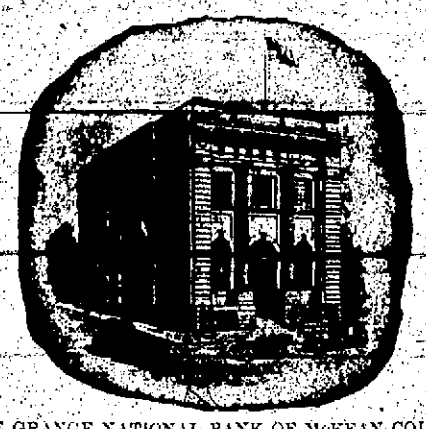
IT IS A HANDSOME STRUCTURE.

Speeches Were Made in the Court House—Many Depositors—The Grangers Serve Dinner and Give a Dance.

The Grange National Bank of McKean County was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday, and was attended by many Grangers and other prominent citizens from all parts of the county. The doors of the bank were thrown open in the morning to depositors and sightseers of which there were many. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and the new and beautiful building was thronged all day.

The local Grange served a dinner to their visiting brothers and sisters in I. O. O. F. hall which was followed by a largely attended public meeting at the court house at which speeches were made by D. C. Young, president of the Grange bank, Congressman John G. McHenry, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Grange banking department; District Attorney Guy B. Mayo, E. R. Mayo and J. H. Smith of Ceres. The speeches were in reference to banking in general and the McKean County Grange bank in particular.

The new bank has a fully paid up capital stock of $100,000, with a $10,00 bonus for building and furnishings and start off with a wholesome number of depositors and bright prospects for the future. It is officered by reliable, business men, and has a board of directors of the best known grangers and business men in the county, who consist of the following: President, D. C. Young; vice president, A. B. Armstrong; cashier, J. W. Lacy; assistant cashier, F. W. Prosser. Directors: D. C. Young, John S. Apple, W. C. Dale, H. H. Redfield, M. S. Coats, George Richards, John G. McHenry, W. F. Hill, Martin Simpson, Benjamin Taylor, J. C. Stull, A. A. Smith, C. H. Smith and F. E. Baldwin.



THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY
Formally opened Tuesday, July 9

Sunday School Convention.

The annual Sunday School Convention in the M. E. church at Kane, Pa., July 1st and 2nd. A large delegation was present and the Kane people attended in large numbers. The program was carried out completely with only one exception, Miss Erminia C. Lincoln, state worker, not being present. The plan of pastors and superintendents seemed to be for more interest in the Sunday school work from the church. Better equipment for the work, teachers training classes and more Christian teachers. One superintendent said he would like to see the pastors close church service on time and the choir have a regular time for practice so Sunday school could begin on time. Misses Kathryn Mayo and Edna Freeman and Mrs. A. E. Foster were delegates from the Smethport Sunday school. All reporting the convention fine in every way.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 6, 1907:

Miss Hattie Carmor.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Westbrook Academy Opening.

This school will begin its 26th year Sept. 3. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses. For catalogue and particulars address E. D. Westbrook, principal, Olean, N. Y.

Miss Alberta Sturdyvent has opened her shampooing and manicuring parlors at her residence. Prices reasonable.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Wednesday evening, August 11, 1886, about half past six o'clock, Hon. H. Hamlin, with his wife and two youngest daughters, Mrs. McCandless and Miss Gene, started out for a short drive behind his spirited bays. They had proceeded to the dug-way below town, on the Olean road, and had just reached the top of the knoll beyond the hollow, when the Judge barely touched one of the horses with a whip. The horse sprang forward breaking the whiffletree. Almost simultaneously his mate jumped breaking the other whiffletree. This lengthened out the gearing so that the tongue dropped out of the neckyoke and in a moment after it was broken about four feet from the body of the carriage. By this time the horses were on a dead run, and the carriage was zigzagging from one side of the road to the other. Just before going down the hill on the north end of the dug-way the carriage struck a telegraph pole and literally demolished it. The Judge, Mrs. McCandless, and Miss Gene were thrown to the ground, but Mrs. Hamlin, who was occupying the back seat was held in by the frame of the carriage top. She was badly bruised about the head and arms, one of her wrists being nearly broken, and her nervous system greatly shocked. Mrs. McCandless was very much bruised also, but the Judge and Miss Gene escaped uninjured. It is remarkable that any of them were saved from being at least seriously injured. When the carriage came in collision with the telegraph pole the horses cleared themselves from it, and ran down the road about a mile where they were stopped by John Hafner who brought them back to town. One of them was badly injured behind, it is supposed by the broken tongue.

Probably the most exciting game of ball that has been played on the Association grounds, Bradford, this year was that of Saturday, Aug. 14, 1886, between the Kane and Bradford ball clubs. The game resulted in a score of 12 to 10 in favor of Kane. The backers of the Ridgway club dropped a big bundle of money on the game.

Henry Hiever was setting 'em up Thursday, August 21, 1886, on the arrival of a bouncing boy.

Jerome Sabins well known to almost every person in the county as the veritable dispenser of Sabins' Pain Killer, died at his home in Eldred, on Wednesday, August 18, 1886, of typhoid fever, in the 38th year of his age. Mr. Sabins leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his demise.

Young.—At Jamestown, N. Y., of cancer, August 8, 1886, Cordelia, wife of E. G. Young, aged 49 years and 11 months.

The deceased was a sister of Mrs. Ghordie Corwin of this place, and of the late Hon. Solomon Sartwell. She was a great sufferer for more than two years before her death.

Mr. T. F. Haggerty and Miss Carry Hoffman were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the Catholic church in this place on Sunday, September 5, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wetenhall are rejoicing over the arrival of a bouncing baby boy at their residence in this place Sunday, September 12, 1886.

W. E. Smith of Port Allegany, came near being very seriously if not fatally injured in this place Tuesday morning, Oct. 5, 1886.

It appears that he had a lady in the carriage with him who wished to get out near Mason's store, and Mr. Smith rose from his seat for the purpose of assisting her to alight, but before he had fairly got onto his feet he lost his balance and pitched out of the wagon to the ground. Having the lines in his hands he drew the horses around suddenly over him. The animals stepped on him several times before Mr. John Baker, who happened to be near by, could get them by the bits. On getting up from the ground Mr. Smith found that further than a few slight bodily bruises and some pretty badly torn clothes he was not much the worse from being in such a perilous position. It was a very narrow escape for him, however.

Maj. Backus' household was made happy Friday night, October 1, 1886, by the appearance of a bouncing baby boy.

In June, 1886, a boy baby only a few days old was left at the Orphans' Home in this place, the party leaving it absolutely refusing to disclose the names of its parents. In due time he was christened as William Pitt Fessenden. He was never a healthy child, and on Friday, Oct. 1, 1886, he died, undoubtedly from the effects of a disease which had been transmitted to him.

One of the worst wrecks ever experienced on the Clermont branch of the of the B., N. Y. & P. railroad occurred Monday evening, October 11, 1886, near Smith's mill, this side of Colegrove. The engine ran into a drove of cattle, derailing it and badly smashing it up. Besides this fifteen cars were piled up promiscuously by the side of the track. Fortunately no one was hurt by the smash up.

A Business Visit.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

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In thirty-five years of unmarried life unlike a woman to the soubriquet of "old maid," Elizabeth Fairchild could read her little clear list of those other attributes supposed to mark an advanced state of single blessedness she possessed none.

She was a cheery disposition and met life with the optimism of girlhood. Within her bubbled a living spring of contentment which filled her deep eyes with happiness and made the smiles play about her lips as she worked in her little study or wandered among the hills and woods back of Highlands.

By the little country town—where marriage was considered the early duty of the individual—she was regarded with great curiosity, and many were the speculations rife as to her probable "chances" during those years, when, as art student and teacher, she had been absent from home.

Being keenly aware of the attitude of her fellow citizens, her heart sank when a letter from Stanley Cullaman briefly and carelessly announced that he would arrive at the Highlands the evening of Sept. 8 in order to discuss with her new designs for some decorated china he had ordered.

There was no hotel in the village, and she realized the painfulness of entertaining any man who was single and advanced in age without range of the eyes of Mrs. Bissell, watching behind her blinds twenty feet from the east porch; of Mrs. Cavendish, twenty feet from the west bay window; of Mrs. Nash just across the way; and of Lem Brown, the self constituted village wit, traveling past the front porch.

"Why, Mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, half laughing, half frowning, "Highlands will have me engaged to him within an hour after his arrival!"

"What do you care?" retorted Mrs. Fairchild, who was white haired, but fair to see still. "I'd like to see Lem Brown get his deserts for once!"

"The gold-digging are," Elizabeth told herself cheerily as she set her little studio in order the afternoon of the eighth. "But Mr. Cullaman will see nothing and hear nothing which will betray the Highland matrimonial sensitiveness, and I can certainly endure the post-communion of the side of orders."

Wherefore she sang gayly and donned a becoming white dress and stylish black hat without at all realizing what a trim and attractive object decorator Mr. Cullaman was destined to meet at the little country station.

Her acquaintance with him was brief and confined to an exchange of letters on the subject of painted china. A mutual acquaintance had induced him to give her the first order the succeeding mails were given voluntarily and were oddly extensive for a bachelor.

The train was just pulling in when she arrived at the station, and the first unwelcome sight which met her eyes was Lem Brown, lounging on the platform, hands in pockets, his voice soaring above the clanking of the wheels.

THE FIRST UNWELCOME SIGHT WAS LEM BROWN.

Presently his voice ceased, and its owner raised hand as a man with a suit case swung himself down from the rear car, the sole passenger for the Highlands.

Before Station Cullaman Elizabeth recognized, by the description given her by their mutual friend—hair touched with gray, blue gray eyes and thin lips, which looked—this she noticed with shrinking as though they could curl sarcastically, and shoulders broad enough to assist Atlas at his task with the world.

As she moved forward and extended her hand to the stranger Lem Brown's eyes bulged in his fleshy face. But when the two walked off together his feelings found vent in one audible, "Wonder of wonders—Lizzie Fairchild's got a beau!"

Elizabeth's cheeks flamed with mortification, and involuntarily the cordiality of the hostess was swallowed up in the conscious restraint of the woman, nor did she see at the corners of her guest's lips the lurking evidence that he understood the situation.

When they reached the Fairchild house she found a caller on the porch. The minister was there, an elderly and benevolent man who had fulfilled his duty to humanity by giving six daughters in marriage at tender ages. To him Elizabeth's state of single blessedness had long been a source of perplexity. Therefore when he saw her approach with a stranger, evidently a gentleman of proper age and dignity, his face shone with that peculiar indulgent, semi-benign expression with which age greets lovers.

Elizabeth recognized the look and swept up the steps and into the hall without pausing. With more haste than was she dispatched Cullaman to his room on the second floor, then turned and faced the minister, who had arisen and followed her, his little clerical joke all ready.

"Good evening, Miss Elizabeth," he said in a loud stage whisper intended to penetrate to the upper chamber. "I see by the signs that the preacher's services will be required later. Ha, ha!" With that he smiled down the steps.

Even Mrs. Fairchild, reeking on the porch, was vexed. "Land!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I hope that Boston man won't think you're being thrown at his head!"

Elizabeth made no reply as she departed to light up her studio, but her lips were pressed together, a red spot dyeing each cheek, and when Cullaman entered the room a few moments later he was confronted by a formidable array of designs and by a woman bent on discussing business and business only.

Stubbornly, but unsuccessfully, he rebelled. In vain he directed the conversation longingly to the moon lighted porch—would he like the prevailing tints of the autumn leaves on the tea set red or yellow? His mind and speech wandered to a country drive in the evening light, but his scarlet lipped hostess, moving amid her work tall and straight, charming and inexorable, firmly interrupted did he care for a continuous or broken design around the platter?

The task was not an easy one that Elizabeth had set for herself, and it was a weary head that she laid on her pillow that night. "I hope it rains to-morrow," was her last thought, "so that I may keep him in the studio and out of the reach of remarks." But fortune seemed at odds with her, for the morning dawned faultlessly clear.

After breakfast, which she would have fed the way to the studio, Cullaman ignored her lead and with "What a glorious out of doors this place possesses," stepped out on the side porch. With a countenance of the heart Elizabeth followed and sat down facing the battery of Mrs. Bissell's green blinds, the slats of which were imperceptibly moved gently to permit of reconnoissance of Mrs. Bissell's eyes.

With gentle deftness Elizabeth began again on the subject of painted china. "Mrs. Bissell shall be called upon as to lay matters of vision," she told herself and shrilly raised her clear voice that it might penetrate the green blinds.

Cullaman's eyes smothered a laugh, and his lips twitched in a way which threatened an open rebellion against china, but Elizabeth did not notice. She was talking against time as regarded by the sitting room flock, a view of which her position commanded. And could wishes be ten times, the hands on that clock would have moved forward to half-past 11 o'clock.

At 9:30 she heard Mrs. Bissell leave her house by way of the front door. "The worst is now over," she assured herself and drew a long breath of relief—promptly found she discovered the next moment, when distant puffing and blowing announced that Mrs. Cavendish was laboring up the back steps for her morning call in the kitchen, and Elizabeth became apprehensive of conversational developments in that direction.

Her apprehensions were almost immediately justified as Mrs. Cavendish's asthmatic utterances were wafted through the vine draped kitchen window. "Dew tell! A man!" Then to Mrs. Fairchild in remonstrating accents: "Ann, you can't fool me on no chiny paintin'. He's here after Lizzie!"

Elizabeth felt the laughter in Cullaman's eyes—her own were downcast and smarting—but she talked on bravely, unmindful of the fact that she had asked three times concerning the decorations of a chocolate pot her guest had purchased as a wedding gift. But when a few moments later she arose, announcing it was time to start for the station, and he, surreptitiously examining his watch, found it lacked an hour of train time, his lips tightened and his eyes softened.

As they emerged from the house the Highlands almost as a man gave them a mute reception. The postmaster, barber, butcher, blacksmith and merchant promptly, as though notified by wireless telegraphy, appeared at the doors of their respective establishments and frankly stared. The women, more discreet, peered from behind their curtains.

Cullaman had some difficulty in accommodating his pace to Elizabeth's flying footsteps as she hurried up the street and turned into the pleasant, shady retreat afforded by the bicycle path, which was a short cut to the station. Here she still forged ahead, silent, having reached a state where the anguish of mortification had deprived her of the power of speech.

Suddenly Cullaman stopped short beside a big rock overlooking the station and plumped his suit case down. "Miss Fairchild," he began vigorously, "I protest!"

Elizabeth relaxed her speed. She turned and looked back in surprise. Cullaman had deliberately seated himself on the rock, pushed his hat on the back of his head and was mopping his face. The lines about his mouth were conspicuously firm as he snapped open his watch.

"It's now only 10:15. That train isn't due for three-quarters of an hour, and here we are so near the station that I could throw my baggage down on the platform. I feel like throwing it, what's more," he added, glancing up with amusement simmering in the puckers about the corners of his eyes. "Now I intend to sit right here and protest against your treatment of me."

"My treatment of you!" repeated Elizabeth faintly, shivering and flushing at the recollection of the past few hours.

Cullaman comfortably occupied himself with brushing the rock beside him.

"MISS FAIRCHILD," HE BEGAN VIGOROUSLY, "I PROTEST!"

"You better sit down here," he remarked calmly, leaning back easily against a tree trunk, "because I have no intention of allowing you to dispose of me as you intended to."

Elizabeth sat down in confusion. "I didn't intend to—to dispose of you," she stammered, with downcast eyes, which confessed her guilt.

"Oh, yes, you did! You intended to take me down to that station at express speed and leave me there. Yes, you did"—in answer to a slight shake of her head. "You had the plot all laid and was carrying it out at the rate of half a mile a minute."

There was an instant's silence, during which Elizabeth, leaning over her side of the rock, examined some grass intently. Suddenly her shoulders began to shake. The recklessness of the situation was taking possession of her. A faint sound of laughter reached of the tree trunk. It acted like a spark in a powder magazine, and with a burst all the laughter which Cullaman had been repressing rang forth.

They laughed until the tears came. Then they wiped their eyes, looked at each other and laughed again. Elizabeth felt that the cobwebs had been swept away from her eyes, and she could look at her guest for the first time in an open, friendly fashion.

"I wanted to tell you down at the station last night not to mind," Cullaman began, "but I didn't dare. I'm sorry, to be the cause of so much annoyance to you and gratification to the minister, that good old duffer." Here the went off again, sending out peal after peal of laughter.

And Elizabeth, happy at being herself again, joined him. "I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she said at last, "not being familiar with the matrimonial sentiments of our village."

"Understand!" he interrupted heartily. "Of course I understand. I was brought up in a little Connecticut town where every man is considered a marriageable at twenty. Luckily," with a sidewise glance, "I left before that time and so must answer for the crime of bachelorhood."

Elizabeth drew a long breath. "I thought there was no place so openly addicted to matrimony as the Highlands."

Cullaman stooped to adjust a strap on his suit case. "No town has a monopoly on that business, I believe," he said drily. "I've known ideas ament it to penetrate to—well, we'll say a Boston apartment."

The whistle of the express sounded far up the track. Cullaman arose and picked up his suit case. Then he peered over the rock down on the station. "There's our friend the minister waiting to see me off," he chuckled, "and the fat man who placed me so readily on my arrival last night!"

An expression of annoyance passed over Elizabeth's face. "They must have something to talk about, I suppose," she said resignedly.

For a moment the two walked down the path together in silence. Then Cullaman began soberly. "Miss Fairchild, I should very much enjoy giving those people something worth talking about."

Elizabeth innocently fell into the trap. "How?" she asked, glancing up with a smile.

His tone was earnest despite the quizzical pucker at the corners of his mouth. "By visiting you again in—say, December—not to discuss china. May I come?"

Elizabeth caught her breath. She glanced into the blue gray eyes meeting hers in deep questioning and replied simply, "Yes."

A Large Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon. The other day a customer, in a great hurry, ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill, wrong side up by the hurried waiter. The customer put on his pince-nez, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Bring me a fly, a landau, two victorias and a dogcart. Got any funeral cars?" The waiter fled.—London Graphic.

Able For the Rest.

"William, were you ever whipped at school?" queried the visitor.

"Only by the teacher," was the rather significant reply.—Chicago News.

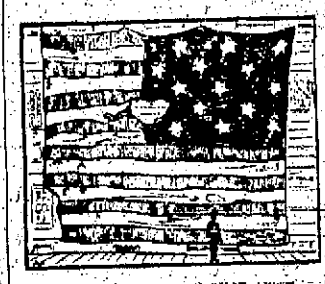
I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my pink pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

The Flag That Made the Song.

Story of the Original "Star Spangled Banner."

MRS. GEORGIANA HUNTER granddaughter of the Colonel George Armistead who commanded Fort McHenry when the British bombarded it during the war of 1812 and when Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," recently told a New York Sun reporter what she knew about the history of the original flag.

This banner, she says, was the private property of her grandfather, Colonel Armistead, and has descended to her only brother, Eben Appleton of New York. He has placed it in a Broadway trust company's vaults, but refuses to disclose his address or to talk about the flag, having been much annoyed on account of his heirloom all his life.



ONE STAR HAS BEEN SHOT AWAY.

When the fort was being bombarded, Key went to the British frigate Minden, one of the bombarding fleet, under a flag of truce. On his way back to Baltimore the next morning he saw the starry flag still flying over the fort. That sight inspired him to write the national ode.

Mrs. Hunter has a picture of the original flag, which shows it to have been an unusually large garrison flag, about thirty feet by forty. It has fifteen stripes, as all the national flags had at that time, one stripe for each state.

The stars are well pointed, being fifteen in number, except that one has been shot away by a shell. Aside from this rent and another at one corner, also made by a shell, the flag is in excellent condition.

Mrs. Hunter differs with her sister, Miss Georgiana Livingston Baker of New Brighton, N. Y., somewhat as to details in the history of the flag.

Some surprise has been expressed at the great care that has been taken of the flag and has not always been in the possession of the national government. Mrs. Baker explained this by saying that the flag was presented to Colonel Armistead by the government after the fight. Mrs. Hunter says that the flag was the private property of Colonel Armistead, having been presented to him by a committee of fifty Baltimore citizens a few days before the conflict. When he saw the British fleet approaching he threw it to the breeze.

Colonel Armistead was a brilliant officer, Mrs. Hunter said. He was graduated at West Point as second lieutenant in 1799, became a captain in 1808, major in 1813, brevet lieutenant colonel in 1814. After his defense of the fort in Sept. of 1814 he was made a colonel.

"My mother was born in the fort some time before the death of the colonel, which occurred on April 25, 1818. She was named for him Georgiana.

"I remember playing under the flag as a girl. Its history since the night of one fraught of the occasions when it was exhibited. The last of these was at the sesquicentennial celebration of the city of Baltimore in 1880.

"It was also exhibited at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 and I think at some celebration connected with the Old South church in about 1875 under the auspices of Commodore Preble. But I forget the raising of the flag at Fort McHenry in 1825 in honor of the visit of General Lafayette.

"The disposition of the flag at my brother's death is problematical. He may leave it to the Peabody institute in Baltimore or to a museum in Washington."

Neither Mrs. Hunter nor her brother nor her sister is connected with any Revolutionary society, although they all take interest in patriotic affairs. Eben Appleton, the owner of the flag, lives in Manhattan borough and is well to do. He keeps his address a complete secret, however, and is regarded as something of a recluse by his friends.

De Tocqueville's Vision.

The Americans will become one of the greatest people of the world. They will cover all North America. The continent which they inhabit is their domain. It cannot escape them. So in the midst of the uncertainty of the future there is at least one event which is certain. At an epoch which we can call near the Anglo-Americans will spread from the polar ice to the south seas.—Alexis de Tocqueville, 1835.

Hamilton's Home Marked by D. A. R.

To identify to the present and future generations the New York city home of Alexander Hamilton while he was secretary of the treasury under General Washington, the Daughters of the American Revolution of the Washington Heights chapter have placed a bronze memorial tablet on the pillared porch.

Pineules are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood, 30 days treatment $1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A MEMORABLE FOURTH.

The Surrender of Vicksburg as Seen by General Frederick D. Grant.

My greatest celebration of Independence day occurred when a boy of thirteen at the surrender of Vicksburg. I had gone with father, who on the afternoon of July 3 held a conference with General Pemberton within a few hundred feet of the rebel lines, and I was deeply impressed with the solemnity of it all. But the spectacle of the surrender on the following day was a scene that cannot be adequately described.

During the siege there had been a good deal of friendly sparring between the soldiers of the two armies on picket and where the lines were close together. All rebels were dubbed "Johnnies," all Union troops called "Yanks." Often "Johnny" would call, "Well, Yank, when are you going into town?" The reply was sometimes, "We propose to celebrate the Fourth of July there." Sometimes it would be, "We always treat our prisoners with kindness and do not want to hurt them," or "We are holding you as prisoners of war, while you are feeding yourselves."

The Vicksburg paper, which we received regularly through the courtesy of the rebel pickets, said prior to the Fourth, in speaking of the "Yankee" hosts that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best recipe for cooking a rabbit was "First catch your rabbit." The paper was printed on the plain side of wall paper and the last number was issued on the Fourth, announcing that we had "caught our rabbit."

According to agreement, white flags were displayed along the lines to prevent unnoticed troops from firing. At the appointed hour the garrison of Vicksburg, colors flying, marched out of their works and formed line in front, stacked arms and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering. Logan's division was the first to march in, and the line of one of the regiments of his division was the first to float over the courthouse. Our soldiers were no sooner inside the lines than the non-combatants began to realize. Our men had full rations from the time the siege began to the close. The enemy had been suffering toward the last, and I saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to the enemy they had so recently been engaged in starving out. It was certainly the most impressive Fourth of July I ever spent, although it was not the most joyous one.—Major General Frederick D. Grant in New York Herald.

AMERICAN FLAG NO TOY.

Patriotic Decision of Customs Board Against Japanese Importers.

Under no circumstances is the American flag to be regarded as a toy, according to the board of United States general appraisers. The board decided on Jan. 21 last that Tahito & Co. of Chicago and other Japanese importers cannot bring in the stars and stripes under the toy schedule of the Dingley tariff.

The flags in the test case were made of silk and were not over an inch and one-half in length. The collector of customs at Chicago exacted duty on the flags at the rate of 50 per cent ad valorem under the provision in the tariff for "manufactures of silk." The importers asserted that the flags should be admitted at 35 per cent as toys.

In his decision General Appraiser Sharretts says: "We do not think that the American flag, however diminutive, is commercially, commonly or nationally regarded as a plaything for children, and we find that the flags in dispute are not toys."

Pyrotechnicology.

"They're off in a bunch," said the sporty red light as he saw a little yellow light a pack of firecrackers at once.

"It's all up with us!" said the skyrockets as they went whizzing into the air.

"Go chase yourself!" said the pistol to the nigger chaser.

"One good turn deserves another," chirped the pinwheel.

"You carry a big wad with you," smilingly spoke the giant firecracker to the old musket.

"I can't kick," rejoined the broken musket.

"I don't care much for that roman candle. He's too sporty. He's got too many high balls in him," said another.

"He's no match for me," whistled the piece of punk as he noticed the boy hopelessly searching through his pockets for a suitable stick.

"You're full of hot air," slangily said some one to the balloon.—Sunday Magazine.

The Declaration at Ticonderoga.

At Ticonderoga, N. Y., the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the portion of the army stationed there. Says a contemporaneous writer: "On Sunday, July 28, 1776, immediately after divine worship, the Declaration of Independence was read by Colonel St. Clair, and, having said, 'God save the free and independent states of America,' the army manifested their joy with three cheers. It was remarkably pleasant," adds the narrator, "to see the spirits of the soldiers so raised after all their calamities. The language of every man's countenance was, 'Now we are a people; we have a name among the states of this world.'"

Declaration Day.

"Adolphus," said Dorinda,
Leaning on his shoulder,
"Dost know tomorrow is the time
For lovers to grow bolder
And to declare their passion deep in
words or tuneful lay?
For 'tis Declaration day, Adolphus,
Declaration day."

—Life.

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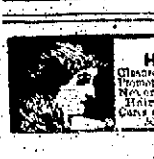
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We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator, tonic, maker of normal periodicity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Helonias we have a medicament which more fully meets the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is solid that a case is seen where does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding) due to a weakened condition of the reproductive systems; among the unpregnant or almost monthly sufferers from pain accompanying an abnormal condition of the ovarian organs and chronic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present in any woman she can do no better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * and general debilitement it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It *is universally regarded as the* tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—E. W. Strong, the plumber, has a new ad in this issue.

—The Potter Gas Co. has moved its office from Condersport to Bradford.

—J. C. Hamlin is advertising seasonable goods in his new ad in this issue.

—Over a dozen persons were sunstruck at the Jamestown Exposition on Monday.

—H. W. Rubin has a new advertisement in this issue which will interest good dressers.

—It is said that old man Riley who shot and killed Benjamin Robinson for trespassing in Elk county recently, is mentally unbalanced.

—Jud Jones, a notorious Bradford character arrived in town yesterday. He will be the guest of Sheriff Mitchell until the October term of court when he will answer to two charges of assault and battery.

—According to reports received last Friday there were 37 persons killed and 2,158 injured on the Ever Glorious Fourth. The number killed is four more than last year, while the injured is about 800 less than a year ago.

—Every article entering into the make up of a newspaper has increased in price. To-day the printer is paying 25 per cent. more for print paper, and all other materials used in connection with his business than six months ago, and also higher wages than ever before, and yet the subscription price remains the same. It is only fair, then, that he should be paid promptly for what costs him the cold cash to procure.—Brockwayville Record.

—The Fourth of July was evidently a fizzle in Bradford, judging by the following from the Era: The influence of the press was shown Thursday by the size of the crowds that lined Main street and waited for the promised funny parade. They had read about it in the papers. The latter in good faith, had published advance notices at the request of parties, who in turn seemed to have been misled. And so the "glorious Fourth" was observed at home by multitudes who, otherwise, would have gone to other places. This was the first fizzle of the kind ever perpetrated in Bradford. Everybody hopes that it will never be duplicated.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harper's Weekly.

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car.

"Pardong, m'sieur," said he, "but zee car, he run so slow, and why, if you pleeze? Ees it not so?"

"Yep," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically.

"I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahend is behind. See?"

The foreigner returned to his seat. "Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country!"—Judge.

The Whole Show.

When Rubinstein was traveling through the United States upon a concert tour it chanced that Barnum's circus followed exactly the same route chosen by the great Russian. On one occasion when the train was filled with snake charmers, acrobats, clowns and the like the guard, noticing perhaps Rubinstein's remarkable appearance, asked him, "Do you belong to the show?" Turning his leonine head with a savage shake, Rubinstein fiercely growled out, "Sir, I am the show!"

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Penny Saved.

When Benjamin Franklin wrote "A penny saved is a penny earned," he did not mean a penny skimped from our daily living or from our necessities. That is not "a penny saved" in the best sense. It is a penny stolen from yourself. A penny saved is a penny reserved from waste. An hour taken from needed sleep is not an hour saved, but an hour stolen. An hour taken from idle gossip and turned to some good account—that is an hour saved. And it is the same way with our money and our products. There is no economy in self denial. It is the duty of every man and woman to live the fullest and best life possible, to get the most they can out of life, to nourish the body and mind and soul and to develop them to the highest possible degree. This cannot be done by skimping. Economy is necessary, but we must not mistake what economy is. We must save the wastes, stop the leaks; but, having saved, we must put our savings to some good use, else we are like the miser with his gold—a detriment to society instead of a good.—Exchange.

The London Police Whistle.

What is the most powerful weapon a man can carry against the possible dangers of nocturnal London? For general utility and for special emergencies you cannot—at least such is one night rambler's experience—beat the ordinary police whistle. In addition to its services as a cab caller—one for a growler, two for a hansom—there are times, happily extremely rare, when it may prove a tower of strength. One such occasion the writer can recall. About two hours after midnight in a quiet by-way. An agitated elderly gentleman at an open door, which he is afraid to enter. The lock has been forced, and within may be—burglars! Have you seen a policeman? No. But three blasts on the whistle and the deserted pavement swarms with them. From every corner one arrives, and the house is surrounded. The home going citizen knows not by what force he is encompassed till he sounds that whistle in his or some one else's emergency.—London Standard.

When the Snuffbox Went Round.

A curious characteristic of the earlier days of club life was the almost universal practice of snuff taking and its very slow replacement by the use of tobacco. It was part of a gentleman's education to manipulate a snuffbox elegantly, and the possession of a number of costly specimens of these receptacles was indispensable, explaining why snuffboxes of every variety in gold, silver, enameled and jewel incrusted, are nowadays so largely found among the curiosities of the collector. There were snuffboxes kept full in every room in the clubhouse, and the frequent call for it by an irritable old member was one of the hits in Bulwer Lytton's play "Money." The supply of snuff was made gratis to members. The cost amounted to £20 or £30 a year, and as the indulgence in tobacco in this form gradually gave way to that of smoking the expenditure was thought unnecessary.—Fortnightly Review.

Costly Keys.

One thousand seven hundred pounds was the sum given by Count Adolphe de Rothschild for what may be said to be the most valuable key in the world. It is marked with the arms of the Strozzi family and is believed to be the work of the great Italian artist Benvenuto Cellini, who flourished in the sixteenth century. The key is chiseled out of a block of steel, presenting two grotesque female figures and ornamented with various masks and scrolls. Another costly key, which formerly belonged to the Medici family, is in the South Kensington museum, London. The upper part of the bow rests upon a square temple, inclosing a standing figure, exquisitely chiseled, holding a shield. The pipe consists of a column with a Corinthian capital.

The Sphinx.

The word sphinx is from the Greek and means the strangler and was applied to a fabled creature of the Egyptians which had the body of a lion, the head of a man or an animal and two wings attached to its sides. In the Egyptian hieroglyphs the sphinx symbolized wisdom and power united. It has been supposed that the fact that the overflow of the Nile occurred when the sun was in the constellations Leo and Virgo gave the idea of the combinations of form in the sphinx, but this idea seems quite unfounded. In Egypt the reigning monarch was usually represented in the form of a sphinx.

Trapped by a Picture.

A Hungarian burglar, who was once a painter of considerable repute, was ransacking a house when he came across the portrait of a very beautiful young woman which had been left unfinished by the artist. He began to add the finishing touches to the picture and was discovered hard at work by the owner of the house, who promptly sent for the police.

Too Easy.

Miss Cicero—Here is an example for you, Willie: A boy skates two miles the first day, three miles the second day, four miles the third day— Willie—Shucks! I could beat dat example widout half trying.—Smith's Magazine.

Reckless.

Mamma—If you had two pennies, Willie, and I was to give you three more, how much would you have? Willie—Make it dollars, mamma. What's the use of being stingy with make believe money?

A Nice Present.

It is said of a champion mean man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

Logical Result.

Teacher—What happens when a person's temperature goes down as far as it can go? Tommy—Then he has cold feet.

A Testimonial For Veracity.

"It's a mighty foine thing to have a character for truthfulness," remarked O'Grady when he returned home the other evening.

"Indade an' it is that same," agreed Mrs. O'Grady, with an approving nod as she hauled one child out of the fender and scraped the cinders off his frock. "An' what makes ye say that, Phillim?"

"'Cause me master believes in me veracity intoirely," was the response of Phillim. He lighted his short pipe and took his accustomed seat on a broken chair near the chimney. "I tould him this morning that I couldn't help being late an' that I had run a moile in a minute an' a half to get there in toime. An' what do ye think he said?"

"Mebbe that ye deserved another dixpence a week."

"Better than that. These are his very words. 'O'Grady,' sez he, 'Oi wud just as soon believe ye if ye sed ye had done it in half a minute.' So ye see what faith he has in me veracity intoirely."—London Answers.

Reading the Face.

Restless eyes denote a deceitful, designing disposition; greenish eyes mean falsehood, malice and a love of scandal; blue eyes tell of tendency to coquetry; black eyes mean a lively, spirited and sometimes deceitful character; eyes with a yellowish, bloodshot white usually betoken strong emotions and hot temper; gray eyes mean dignity and intelligence and brown eyes a tender, true, kind and happy nature. A mouth had better be too large than too small, for a very small, pursed up mouth is seldom significant of good conversational power. Large mouths are more often found in conjunction with liberal dispositions than very small ones. A person with a pointed chin is fanciful, refined in taste and difficult to please. A broad, square chin signifies ardent love, often accompanied by jealousy. A broad, round chin means ardent love, with a steadfastness and purity of affection.

When Did You Oil Your Watch?

When did you oil your watch last? Never? You may remember when you lubricated your sewing machine, typewriter, lawn mower or grindstone—within a year, probably—but your watch you never oiled, that you can remember. Yet in a period of eighteen months the balance wheel turns on its axis 13,000,000,000 times. Expert watchmakers say that a watch should be thoroughly cleaned and oiled every eighteen months. Many persons wear a watch for years, winding it up each night, and never oil it. Watches are instruments of uncertain age; some run indefinitely, keeping accurate time, without need of repairs. As a matter of fact, nothing is so neglected as this small, delicate and useful instrument.—North American.

Blond Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

A Frog of Peculiar Habits.

South America has a frog of peculiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forests, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as a site for its nursery some hollow stump and then proceeds to line it with resin procured from trees in the neighborhood. This lining serves to catch and hold the rainwater, with which it quickly becomes filled. As soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the resin is collected is a mystery, nor is it yet known how the separate pieces become welded to form the water tight basin necessary to insure the safety of the treasures deposited therein.

Something of That Kind.

"Young man," said the serious gentleman, "did you ever pause and think that each tick of the clock brings you another moment nearer to the end of your existence?"

"I was thinking of something of that kind this very minute," cheerfully replied the youth, "only the idea struck me that each tick brought pay day that much nearer."

His View of Nature.

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of nature. "Stuff!" said Gull. "Nine times out of ten nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in his coffin."

The Soft Answer.

Mrs. Benham—You couldn't look me in the face when you came in last night. Benham—That was because your beauty dazzled me, my dear.—New York Press.

When you ask for the

BEST COUGH CURE

and do not get

Kemp's Balsam

You are not getting the best and will be disappointed. KEMP'S BALSAM costs no more than any other cough remedy, and you are entitled to the best when you ask for it.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine, and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the Best Cough Cure. At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Family Anagrams.

Of all the ex[illegible] caused by the anagramm[illegible] ever when many years ago it w[illegible] at its height, none comes up to [illegible] of a Frenchman named Andre [illegible], who, discovering in his name [illegible] anagram Pendu a Riom (the seat of criminal justice in the province of Auvergne), felt bound to fulfill his destiny, committed a crime in Auvergne and was actually hanged in the place to which the omen pointed.

Among the papers of William Oldys, the bibliographer, was found the following anagram on himself:

Is wood and will I am a friend to you,
And one friend old is worth a hundred new.

The Father Pierre de St. Louis became a Carmelite monk on finding out that his lay name, Ludovicus Bartelemi, gave the anagram Carmelo se devovet, and Sylvester, in dedicating a translation of Du Bartas to his sovereign, made the following anagram:

"James Stuart—A just master."—Minneapolis Journal.

Trapping an Elephant.

"Elephants are easily trapped," said a zoo keeper, "very easily trapped and very easily tamed. The trapper chooses a spot popular with elephants and digs a hole five feet deep and twenty feet square. He surrounds this hole with a high board fence except in one place, where he hangs a swing gate. Next he finds a herd of elephants, chooses the animal he wants, maddens it and makes it chase him. The man tears along on his nag, the elephant thunders close after, and just at the gateway the man swerves to the right, but the elephant, too heavy to swerve, bangs right on through into the hole. He's mad at first, terribly mad. But they give him no food or drink, they build around the pit fires of damp wood that almost suffocate him with smoke, and they daze and stupefy him with shouts and banging of brass pans. The elephant is completely broken and subdued in three or four days. He comes forth and follows the trapper humbly and timidly, with tears in his eyes."

A Boy and a Thousand Dollars.

A New York judge gave his son $1,000, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. At the close of the vacation the judge told his son that he had done all he could for him. If he had wasted the money that was to have taken him through college, he might as well leave home and make his own way in the world. It was a rude awakening for the young man, but he knew that his father was right. And so strong was the good influence of this upright father that he did leave home to go to work in downright earnest. He won't back to college, made his way through graduate [illegible] became governor of the state of New York, entered the cabinet of the president of the United States and made a record for himself that the country will not willingly let die. It was William H. Seward.

A Fit Story.

"Trout protection—Nonsense!" said a gunner of keen confidence. "Trout are amply able to protect themselves. Look at their depredations among ducks, for example, and you will agree with me that it's the birds that need protection. It's a common thing for a trout to jump from the water, seize a duck by the neck, drag the unfortunate fowl into the depths sufficiently to leave its feet sticking in the air, where it can get no purchase upon the universe, and thus drown it. Then the trout picks the feathers from the bird, eats it at its leisure and swims away out of the jurisdiction of the courts. Are there any fishermen? None? Too bad. This would be a match for one of their fish stories."—Philadelphia Record.

Never depend upon your genius. If you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.—Ruskin.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak Kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach those controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other dreadful or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan **50c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

UNCLE SAM'S two big battle ships just contracted for will be larger and more heavily armed than the Dreadnaught. They are to be completed within three years. The American navy will be kept up to the mark as a peace preservativn.

THE New York Central Railroad Co. was fined $15,000 by Judge Hazel in the Federal court on Friday for failure to file rates on a shipment of oil for the Standard Oil Co. A verdict of guilty was recently returned against the company and Judge Hazel denied Attorney Hoyt's motion for a new trial.

A SPECIAL to the Record-Herald for Yellowstone Park says that Vice President Fairbanks on Sunday risked his life to save Miss Lena Waters, a waitress at the Park Hotel. While sitting on the hotel veranda the Vice President heard screams from the lake. Seeing the young woman struggling in the water, Mr. Fairbanks ran to the shore. He rushed past two men who stood on the pier with mouths agape in alarm. When the Vice President leaped into the water and made for the girl, one of the men followed. The men dragged the unconscious girl to shore after hard work. Many persons congratulated the Vice President on his courage during the day.

FOR nearly a year past there has been more or less talk of Japan declaring war against the United States, principally on account of troubles in San Francisco, and the fact that through the advice of President Roosevelt the Atlantic Squadron has been ordered to the Pacific coast makes many of the foreign newspapers think that a conflict is eminent. However we do not consider that there is any great danger of war, even though these battleships have been ordered to the Pacific coast. Japan has acquired a very rigid opinion of itself because of its wonderful success in whipping Russia and there is no question about its being anxious to gain new laurels by a passage at arms with the United States. The Japs also have a very poor opinion of our patriotism. Admiral Sakamoto says that one is doubtful whether the Americans serving in the navy are sufficiently patriotic to fight. American naval officers are brilliant figures at balls and social gatherings, but they are deficient in professional training and practice. It is for them to expect a burning patriotism in the American naval service in case of a war with Japan. It is likely that most of the crews would desert and leave the ships." What a sad awakening this day dreamer will have if he ever has an opportunity to learn the facts by experience. If the Japanese are basing their hopes of victory on the cowardice of American sailors and soldiers it will be well for them to let their pipes go out and think the matter over after the "dope" smoke has cleared away. The Japs have shown themselves to be good fighters and if they want to maintain that reputation they had better avoid trouble with the U. S. A. Our Army and Navy has never been afflicted with cowardice and we don't think there is any danger of it now.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 6 1907.

After official denials all round that there were going to be any additional warships sent to the Pacific coast, the Navy Department has now made the official announcement that practically the whole of the battleship squadron is going and that just as soon as they can get off.

There will be sixteen battleships in the squadron, and they will take about two months to go around by the Magellan or Cape Horn route. They will be accompanied by a number of gunboats as dispatch boats and tenders, and there will be at least three armed cruisers beside colliers and possibly a repair ship. On the Pacific coast they will be met by the Washington and the Oregon now undergoing repairs at Portland.

This will make the greatest fighting fleet that has ever been assembled under the American flag, and in fighting ability as well as numbers, it will be one of the greatest fleets ever collected by any power. The whole will be under the command of Admiral Robley D. Evans, who has seen more sea service than any other man on the active list of the navy. It will probably be his last sea command and the handling of this great fleet will be a fitting close for a long and very active and effective career.

The exact route and stopping places of the fleet are not yet fully determined. They will go direct to South America and will probably will make one stop for coal on the east coast of the continent. Then they will pass through the Straits of Magellan and around to Valparaiso. They will make a very brief stop at Valparaiso and will proceed north to Peru. This will bring them to the last leg, as it were on their course toward San Francisco. They will make a little longer stop in Peruvian waters and will then loaf up the coast, comparatively speaking, taking in San Diego and Monterey on the way to San Francisco. Their cruising speed will average about 12 knots, and this including the stops now contemplated, will make there voyage last about 60 days. This will beat the record of the Oregon, which took 93 days to come from San Francisco to Key West during the Spanish War. But she was accompanied by the little gunboat Marietta, which retarded her speed, and she was very cautious about keeping well off all ports and skirting the West Indies as the Spanish fleet was then supposed to be in the neighborhood of South America.

While the cruise of the battleship squadron will probably beat the famous run of the Oregon in point of time, the Oregon performance is not likely to be eclipsed as a record breaking run under all service conditions. It was the first time in history that a battleship of her class had ever attempted such a run in the face of the enemy. She did the 13,000 miles without a hitch, touched at Jupiter Inlet on the Florida coast to report herself to the Navy Department, ran over to Key West and took on coal and joined the rest of the American squadron off Salt Key Bank of a Sunday morning, finishing up the run at a 13 knot clip and ready to go into action on the minute. Capt. Clark her commander said she had not loosened a crank pin on the whole run. It will be interesting to see if the great battleship fleet just starting can do as well.

It is understood that the Japanese government has known for some time of the intention of this government to send the battleships to the Pacific. It is looked upon as a wise demonstration of the attention and ability of the United States in case of a serious difference with the Mikado's government. Of course, the serious difference is not going to arise for many years to come. But this is a place where an ounce of prevention is worth a volume of postmortem regrets.

The last chapter is concluded of the trial of Edwin S. Holmes the enterprising associate statistician of the Department of Agriculture who sold advance information to the New York cotton brokers as to the figures of the government crop reports. Holmes has been on trial for weeks, and after it had been shown in court that he had not only used the advance information for speculative purposes but had doctored the report to suit the convenience of his clients, the best that the jury could do was to disagree, and it now will have to be threshed all over for the benefit of a new jury. It has been decided by the district attorney, however, that there shall be a new trial as soon as it can be reached on the docket. It is believed that a good deal of the testimony that Holmes himself gave on the stand can be used against him and that there will not be much trouble in getting a conviction for conspiracy to defraud the government.

There was a good deal of comment recently after the western trip of Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador over some remarks he had made concerning the constitution of Oklahoma, a document that has created considerable heartburn and jealously in this country and on which Ambassador Bryce's opinion would be valuable even if not altogether proper for a man in his station. There was talk in some of the yellow papers about the government asking for his recall on the ground that he had transgressed diplomatically. Now the exact language of the interview on the Oklahoma constitution has been produced and it sounds very conservative and harmless. Mr. Bryce said from all he had heard of it, the constitution was a very interesting document, that he had not had time to read it so could not give a personal opinion and if he could it would not be a proper thing for him to do under the circumstances. Mr. Bryce is now to the ways of the American interviewer, but it does not seem that he is much in need of having a guardian appointed for him.

It is quite possible that some action will be taken by the government against the railroads that have been transporting troops recently. They have been charging the government for first class service whereas they were furnishing old and inferior cars, the very worst of their whole equipment. When the matter was called to their attention, they claimed that the Interstate Commerce Law would not allow them to make any difference in the fares. As a matter of fact, there is a special provision in the law for second class payment being made for inferior service and the matter may be turned over to the Department of Justice for settlement.

Parcel Room Service Available at All Pennsylvania Railroad Stations.

For the convenience of the public, beginning July 1, patrons of the Pennsylvania Railroad will have the privilege of checking hand baggage and other small articles in the baggage room at all ticket stations which do not now have special parcels checking rooms. A charge of five cents for 24 hours or fraction thereof will be made for each article checked, except from Saturday noon until Monday noon when goods will be held for five cents. After the first 24 hours, an additional charge of ten cents for each additional 24 hours or fraction thereof, with a minimum charge of $1.00 per month.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolutely pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
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Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM.

"IKE" BLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

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BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN.
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
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THE RIGHT TIME

To do your summer shopping is now.

THE RIGHT PLACE

At which to satisfy your needs is here. We have a large stock of summer millinery. A beautiful line of shirt waist and white suits for warm weather. Be sure to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Dissolution.

In the matter of the Dissolution of the JOHNSONBURG and BRADFORD RAILROAD COMPANY.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County, Pa. No. 91 August Term, 1907.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Elk County on the 2nd day of July 1907, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed the 5th day of August, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., for hearing said application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend if they deem it expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petitioner.

Ridgway, Pa., July 2, 1907.

M'CALLEY & WHITMORE,
Solicitors for Petitioner.

L. K. Hogarth

Drugs and Medicines Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationary, Playing Cards, Fine Confectionary, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Leather and Rubber Goods at

L. K. Hogarth's,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

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Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photographic line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Did you know that I keep all kinds of PACKING for

Autos,
Gas, Steam and Gasoline Engines,
Pumps, Etc.?

My line of

Rubber,
Candle Wicks,
Asbestos,
Asbestos Rope,
Wire Woven and all leather packings is complete.

Don't Forget.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

SUMMER CLOTHING — A — STRAW HATS

GOOD LINE OF SHIRTS AT 50c EACH

Swell New Neckwear and Fancy Pocket Handkerchiefs.

We close at 6 p. m. except Mondays and Saturdays

H. W. RUBIN,

LADIES OXFORDS — SMETHPORT, PENNA — MEN'S OXFORDS

CLOSING OUT SALE.

Desiring to quit the mercantile business will close my entire stock of merchandise at cost. Sale on now and will continue until all goods are sold either for cash or approved notes. No goods charged.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 26, 1907.

The Brownell Store.
Andrews & Scull, Props.

Having disposed of the Dry Goods Department of the Brownell Store, we are in a position to carry the best and most complete line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

of any city store. Orders taken and promptly delivered. PRICES RIGHT.

CALL and SEE US.

Andrews & Scull.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford Smethport, Pa.

....HOT....

WEATHER

Calls for Hammocks and Lawn Swings.

We have them.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT IN THE LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

OR IN

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES

OF ANY KIND WE HAVE IT.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW FIRM.

TRY CHI-NAMEL ON YOUR FLOOR

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 11, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—L. K. Hogg has a new ad.

—Farmers are busy getting ready for haying.

—See the new advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Mrs. H. L. McCoy entertained Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Cochrun of DeLand, Florida.

—A free medicine show has been attracting good sized crowds on the street corner the past two nights.

—The third annual tournament of the Bradford Gun Club, which was held this week, was a great success.

—William Saunders of Port Allegany was killed on the railroad tracks near North East, Pa., on June 20th.

—Services at St. Luke's church on next Sunday at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. At All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—Mrs. J. J. Somerset gave a party Saturday evening to twelve young girls in honor of her cousin, Miss Ruth Walters.

—At Edinboro Normal students are surrounded by influences conducive to study. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Prepare to attend the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20. They will be bigger and better than ever before.

—The new cement walks around St. Elizabeth' church and the Grange National Bank add much to the appearance of these places.

—A number of our contemporaries did not issue a paper last week and some are taking a vacation this week, to celebrate the Fourth.

—Constable Jones took John Perry of Clermont to the Warren asylum last Saturday. He is mentally unbalanced and has been in that institution before.

—The dry goods, clothing, hardware, shoe and millinery stores of Smethport will close at 6 p. m., except on Mondays and Saturdays, during July and August.

—Misses Mabel Camp and Gertrude Walker entertained a party of young people at the hose house last Thursday evening. At this gathering the engagements of Miss Camp to Mr. Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany, and Miss Walker to Mr. Bernard T. Garlick of this place were announced. Covers were laid for fifteen and the places were marked by a tiny horn which contained one bar of the wedding march.

—The Rev. J. Heber McCandless of this place and the Rev. Jos. Olsson of Port Allegany, officiated at the funeral of Mr. A. D. Gould at Emporium on last Friday.

—Joe McDowell, the 16-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elden McDowell of Sinnemahoning was drowned in Waverly, Pa., last week. The boy had run away from home and the only clue to his identity was a card found in his pocket.

—A man of influence is one who has a mind of his own and who knows how to use it. The fellow who tries to straddle all sorts of questions in order that he may agree with others and thereby be popular, is simply a good natured weakling.

—Harry R. Henderson, who has been employed at the Miner office for the past nine years, left Saturday for Johnstown where he has accepted a position with the Democrat. Mr. Henderson is a first-class man in a newspaper office and we wish him success.

—Horses, zebras, and elephants belonging to the Hagenbeck-Wallace shows indulged in a stampeed at Wellsboro, and one keeper was seriously injured. There was an exciting time for a few minutes, and people in the streets scurried to cover.

—Now the long, wearisome delays incident to every public improvement, have begun to occur in regard to the paving. The transition of "right away" as stated at the time of election, to "next year" as to the latest report proves rather disappointing.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The Board of Pardons on Monday recommended a pardon for Dick Higgins of Bradford, who has been incarcerated in the county jail since last fall, serving out a sentence of 540 days for having short trout in his possession. It is said that Governor Stuart will grant the pardon at once.

—What might have been a terrible wreck was narrowly averted last Sunday. Either an unknown insane man or some little children placed some fish plates on the P., S. & N. tracks near Corry, Pa., and if a freight crew had not discovered it in time the excursion train probably would have been wrecked and many lives lost.

—Miss Marguerite M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cleveland, died at the home of her parents in Mt. Jewett on Monday after a lingering illness. She was about 20 years of age. Miss Cleveland was quite well known in Smethport and all who knew her will mourn her untimely demise. She possessed a sweet disposition and a lovable character which made her many friends. The funeral services were held in Mt. Jewett yesterday afternoon, Rev. J. Paul Shelly of the Presbyterian church officiating, and interment was made in the Mt. Jewett cemetery.

—Work on the new temporary school building in this borough is progressing rapidly and it will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the school year. If the demand for extra room is permanent an addition will be built to the present school building and the material used in this structure will be used in the permanent structure.

—James Shearer of Olean, formerly of Bradford died of apoplexy at the Grand Central hotel early Monday morning. He said that he was ill and was given a stimulant. Soon afterwards he fell and died before a physician arrived. Deceased was 30 years of age and for the past year and a half had been employed as bartender at the Grand Central hotel.

—The Ladies Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church gave a farewell surprise party at the residence of Mrs. Frank McCurry last Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Harry R. Henderson, who left for Johnstown, Pa., the following morning. Excellent refreshments were served and all had a delightful time. Mrs. Henderson was the recipient of a cut glass salad bowl.

—Last Saturday was wool day in Pt. Allegany. Patrick and James Bly accepted and weighed in 10,668 pounds of wool for which they paid an average of 27½ cents per pound, nearly $3,000, to the farmers here Saturday. The price hasn't ranged quite so high as it did last year, but then it has been good and the farmers who were glad ten years ago to sell wool at a shilling or less, can appreciate it. Lambs are bringing a good price.—Reporter.

—Mrs. Sarah Coleman Hall, widow of the late David T. Hall, died at her residence, on the west side, at 7:10 this morning, aged 89 years, 5 mos., 21 days, of paralysis. She was among the earliest settlers of Kane, coming here in the year 1864, when Kane was practically a wilderness, even before the P. & E. railroads was completed. Her immediate surviving relatives are two daughters Miss Alida Hall, of Kane, Mrs. O. B. Lay, of Port Allegany, Pa., and a brother O. D. Coleman, of Kane.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Mabel the 11-year-old daughter of John Battleson, was fatally burned Friday noon, at the family home in Custer City. The little girl was preparing the midday meal when her clothing caught fire from the kitchen stove. Neighbors heard the child scream and saw her rush from the building, her cloth in a blaze which enveloped her person. Prompt efforts were made to extinguish the fire and the burning garments were removed but not before the girl was horribly burned. The child was taken to the Bradford hospital and it was hoped that her life could be saved, but this was impossible. Last night at 10:30 death resulted. After the burning, the child was unconscious most of the time.—Bradford Era.

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book of other Dyspepsia the heart of the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach. Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach Weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well have their controling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Five Day Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Saturday, July 13th, the B., R. & P. Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Niagara Falls for train leaving Mt. Jewett 2:54 p. m. at fare of $5.00. Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo up to and including July 17.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

WANTED—Two ladies or gentlemen to work in Smethport and surrounding towns. Steady work and good chance for advancement. Salary or commission paid. Address or call at 306 Green St., between the hours of 12 and 2 p. m.

L. L. CROCKER,
Smethport, Pa.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cents, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinaster'ne Carbolated. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

D. C. Young is in Buffalo this week picking up a few bargains in merchandise for his store. Same will be sold at cost with the other goods, which are rapidly being closed out.

My wife having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons trusting or harboring her as I will pay no bills of her contracting. C. O. CASKEY.

Wanted.

Canvasser for high grade extracts, perfumes, toilet articles, etc. 50% com. Address M, care MINER office.

Slab Wood.

16 inch hardwood slabs, only 75c per cord. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Lemon Sherbet, Chocolate and Vanilla Ice Creams, Cantaloupe Sundaes, at Hogarth's Saturday.

Window and Door Screens

Made to order, or the factory grades. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Personal Mention.

H. B. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove spent Sunday in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Julia Torry of Olean is a guest of Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Miss Ella Zupp of Clarion, Pa., is visiting friends in town.

Claude Denning of Hazelhurst was visiting friends in town Monday.

Harry Haley of Olean spent the Fourth with his parents in town.

William Hammar of Lynchburg, W. Va., is the guest of relatives in town.

A. M. Thaum of Bradford visited friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Buckus came up from Olean in their auto yesterday.

Mrs. O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. D. Comes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin were Bradford visitors the latter part of last week.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. Thomas Bahan and children of Colegrove were Smethport visitors yesterday.

Miss Amanda Anderson left Saturday for a visit to Olean, Buffalo and Celoron friends.

Miss Blanche Bush left Thursday night for a visit with friends in Wellsville, N. Y.

J. J. Bobarts and A. Lanphere of Ceres were pleasant callers at this office on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner.

Misses Carrie Day and Emma Tretton left Thursday for an extended visit on Chautauqua Lake.

Misses Elsie Sherer, Donna Lyman and Bessie Engrom were Port Allegany visitors on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sweeney returned Monday from a few days' visit with friends in Salamanca.

Mrs. W. D. Hamlin and children, Allan and Jeanette of Brooklyn are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Anna George and infant son of Pittsburg are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Powell on Water street.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mitchell returned home Tuesday from a visit to their son, A. W. Mitchell, and family in Erie.

Mrs. John J. Miller of Charleston, W. Va., and nephew, Master William Miller of New York city, are visiting relatives in town.

H. H. Redfield and wife, G. H. McCoy and wife and Miss Alberta Choate drove to Kane in the former's automobile Monday evening.

Mrs. William Hafner left Tuesday for North Girard to visit her daughter. She was accompanied by her grandson, Holmes Spangler.

Theron Lyle, Frank Dunbar, Charles Musser and Ross Colegrove, returned Monday from a ten days' boating trip down the Allegheny river. They report a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Holmes, Misses Ruth Holmes, Zela Traster, Iliza and Myra Sherburne and A. J. Gilfillan returned Monday from a camping trip on the Allegheny river, about three miles below Eldred.

Change of Terminal at Olean, N. Y.

Commencing Monday, June 17, 1907, all passenger trains of the P., S. & N. R. R. will arrive at and depart from the Shawmut station, Union St., corner of Green, Olean, N. Y., instead of Pennsylvania station, as formerly. The Shawmut station is conveniently located near center of the business section and is reached by Union St. line of W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. (Olean Street Railway).

Notice.

Why let your hay spoil on account of a leaky roof when you can get cedar shingles at $2.50 per thousand, also a good quality of hemlock lumber at $18 of CHAS. PAYTON, Crosby.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"Red Dwarf Ink Pencil" uses ordinary ink, makes carbon copies, don't leak. Desirable salesmen wanted, merchants, lodge secretaries send $2.5. for returnable sample. Agents wanted. S. O. Singer, 839 5th ave., Pittsburg.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

You Pay No More for

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

than the ordinary kind—but you get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery is guaranteed to wear for six months without holes.

If a hole develops, if darning is necessary inside of six months we will give new ones without a murmur and without fuss. They are sold in boxes of six pairs—at $2 a box—colors black, brown and pearl for either men or women.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c, And 15c

FRY & COMES.

JULY CLEARANCE BARGAINS

This store offers exceptional money-saving opportunities these July days. Its a winding up time for summer goods—we must get rid of the small lots of hot weather goods now in anticipation of the fall stocks which will soon be asking for shelf and counter room and your attention. Most of the lots are small but there is a rich picking for the prompt ones.

Colored Wash Goods

10c Lawns and Batistes	6c	15c and 20c Ginghams and Tissues	10c
12½c "	10c	50c Silk Mulls	38c
25c and 35c Silk Mulls and Organdies	19c		

Notions

5c Finishing Braids	2c	200 yd Machine Thread	3c
50c Belts	25c	25c Belts	13c
$1.00 and $1.50 Corsets	68c	50c Corsets	38c

Men's Furnishings

Heavy Working Sox 60c per doz. prs.		Working Shirts	25c
50c Balbriggan Underwear, blue and tan	38c		
50c Jean Drawers, white	38c		

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Are They Afraid?

There are in this neighborhood agents for several "bucket bowl" cream separators. "Bucket bowl" separators are the kind with big bowls, full of parts, set on top of their spindles. These agents say to farmers intending to buy a separator, "Look out for the Tubular," or "Don't try the Tubular," or "Beware of the Tubular." To hear them talk you would guess right away that

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

is the best cream separator made, and that these "bucket bowl" fellows are afraid of it. And they are afraid of it. The Tubular surpasses every other separator in every particular, and you should take good care you do see a Tubular before you buy a separator. J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

Good Ship Roosevelt.

By RITA KELLEY.

Copyright, 1897, by Homer Sprague.

"Betsy, let's run out into the Hudson and see Peary's ship!"

Betsy Cobb jumped at her brother's words and gazed with sudden intentness out the window. She had come up to his office for a few moments' chat, and, as she felt the blood pounding into her cheeks and up to her hair, she wished poignantly that she had stayed away. To the Roosevelt, indeed!

"It's too cold," she objected, simulating a shiver. "We'll freeze getting out there."

"Bosh! Get on your gloves. It isn't every day that one has a chance to climb over a vessel that's been within hailing distance of the north pole. I'll just cut my appointments. What's the trouble?"

She had balked flatly at the gentle urgency of her brother's hand on her arm.

"I won't go!" she declared.

The doctor laughed good humoredly. "What's up? Is some fickle admirer who forgot for the first time to send you a box of candy for your birthday due out there this afternoon? Come on. It isn't every day I can run off, and it's no pleasure to go alone."

Betsy's head swam with a perspective of a chain of horrors opening up by her acquiescence; but, on the other hand, her brother's curiosity was not to be aroused too much. He had a most uncomfortable habit of going to the bottom of things.

"Well," she said reluctantly, "I'll go." She laughed a bit hysterically. "But I'd rather be hanged."

Her brother remembered with some uneasiness that Betsy had not been herself of late. She was not serious and fun loving as usual, and he often caught her brooding. That was what she was doing back at the office just now, and it decided him to run away with her for awhile.

"Betsy, don't you feel well?" he asked as they scrambled off a cross-town car at the ferry slip.

"Botheration, yes! What a silly question!" But though her words were careless, she avoided his eyes and looked off down the Hudson. "You can't get across this day," she announced, with perceptible relief. "The ice is all caked up here on the New York side, so that a launch couldn't possibly get through."

"We'll hire a ferry, then," said her brother cheerfully. One thing was certain—the Roosevelt had something else to do with her state of mind. He would probe further.

"Is there any way of getting out to the Peary ship?" he inquired of a policeman.

"Ice is pretty bad. No boats going out of there, but maybe if you walk up to Forty-fourth street you can get on a bigger boat. They been out once today. Guess you'd better go across to Jersey, though. No ice over there, and you can hire some one to take you out to midstream. The Peary boat is nearer the Jersey shore anyhow," he called after the determined looking physician, who had seized his sister's arm as the ferry gong sounded and was hustling her on board.

Betsy looked furtively at the vessel, lying low and gray, with her nose up stream, as the ferry passed. There was much deep interest amounting even to fascination in her glance, but she feigned extreme indifference. Several other people were evidently on the same quest, and as the ferry neared the Jersey shore a cry of disappointment went up. Not a launch or row-boat in sight. It looked very much as though those who were not good swimmers would have to content themselves with ferry glimpses of the famed ship, and cameras began snapping industriously.

Again Betsy's manner became more spontaneous.

"You will get out to the Roosevelt, will you?" she twitted her brother joyously. "Well, I don't envy you the swim in this temperature. Fortunately I'm a girl and so exempt."

"Ho, I don't know! Plenty of row-boats around here somewhere. You'll handle the oars all right. You are the most indefatigable croaker I ever saw."

Following the directions of a longshoreman, he guided Betsy's lagging footsteps for five minutes across the bridge, down interminable flights of stairs, across the road to the "wood pile" and brought up before a rotten log enmeshed in ice cakes that led out to a row of decrepit old canalboats lying out of commission along the shore. A man appeared around the corner of the little turret on top of one of the boats and asked if they could row.

"Well, I should say!" the doctor shouted.

And Betsy was forced to scramble up the perpendicular old ladder on to the boat, thence across and down a ladder into a flat bottomed old fishing boat at the other end. Her brother took off his overcoat and wrapped it about her carefully before he seized the oars and fell in with the stroke of the old river man.

The doctor was studying Betsy closely. It looked to him very much like a case of the heart, he speculated as they drew near the ship. When she weakly made excuse to remain in the rowboat while her brother clambered over the ship, he was certain that the masculine reason lurked on shipboard. So Betsy, perforce, boarded the Roosevelt.

The ship was in gala dress, with many sightseers aboard. As Betsy and her brother stood on the deck clutching their pars in the stiff breeze, a young, brown, weather beaten man stepped up and rather shyly held out his hand to Betsy.

Instantly the doctor looked at his sister. She was flushed, painfully embarrassed and was stammering, like an awkward schoolgirl. He was seized with remorse, and Dr. Cobb came to her rescue, chastising himself mentally.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked engagingly, extending his hand to the now embarrassed man, who, he surmised, belonged to the ship, from a certain fine manliness that is only bred of hardship and self reliance.

The man smiled a little whimsically as he gripped the hand of Betsy's brother.

"You are Bets—Miss Cobb's brother, are you not?" Then he, too, was covered with confusion. "I beg your pardon, she is not Miss"—

Betsy had turned sharply away, but her brother ran his hand through her arm and whirled her right about face.

"See here, young lady," he said seriously, "introduce me to this young man. What is it, my dear?"

To his chagrin and utmost self reproach she had buried her head on his shoulder, and he thought he heard something like a sob work its way out from the cloth of his coat. He could not raise her head. She burrowed it there. He could only look at the young northman and unveil a romance.

The man's face was drawn with a sort of starved tenderness, and his blue eyes gazed wistfully at the golden, shiny tendrils which escaped in the wind from the small black turban and swept the doctor's shoulder. Stern repression showed in the tense mouth. His whole expressive person seemed to bespeak the pain of having lost forever a much loved prize.

"Betsy, for heaven's sake, stop crying! Those people are looking at us." The doctor, having determinedly brought on the deluge, was taking man's inalienable right of blaming somebody else. Besides he wanted to know what this was all about.

Betsy disclosed a flushed but tearless face.

"Not crying." She denied the allegation spiritedly. "What is there to cry about? Pooh! I just wanted a whiff of that nice, smelly iodoform on your coat, Mr. Jensen, my brother. And now"—she slipped a companionable hand through the arm of each—"show us the boat."

This was more like Betsy.

"What is your—name?" he asked in a voice that was too vibrant to be called steady.

The doctor wheeled in consternation. "Betsy Cobb, haven't you ever met this man?" he demanded.

"Cobb!" The northman's big voice boomed up into the masts with sheer joy. "Aren't you married?" he cried, his boyish face breaking into a pathetic eagerness that was too beautiful and too intimate for any one but Betsy to see.

So the doctor was thrust out into a little world of his own for awhile, after Betsy, resattentially gurgled, "Gracious, no!" Betsy, dear little sister, didn't be long to him any more. And he had insisted upon getting rid of her!

"We've been engaged," Betsy's voice roused him, "ever since the Roosevelt sailed two years ago, but I promised not to tell till Paul came back. Do you know why I didn't want to come out here today? I thought Paul had forgotten. He never let me know he still cared."

"Foolish girl," said Paul, gripping both her hands in an ecstasy of recovery, "it's all the fault of old New York. I had forgotten in the ice floes that everybody down here moves every six months, and when I rushed up to Sixty-ninth street, all agog with delight to get back to the dearest little girl in the world, they told me Miss Cobb was married and didn't live there any more! Think of it! Some other Miss Cobb, nearly bowling me off my feet like that! I knew two years was a long time for a fascinating little girl to remain true to a poor dub probably frozen into an ice cake around the north pole somewhere, so I didn't blame her much. I was going to be everlastingly grateful to her memory. For if it hadn't been for the thought of her I think I should have lost my grit once or twice. But as it was, I just kept on a-living."

"I knew it," said Betsy. "I knew it when I saw you."

How He Broke Into Literature.

Frederic Harrison was a close friend of George Eliot, and she often asked his advice in regard to points of law that came up in the course of her stories. She particularly needed legal advice in a vital part of "Felix Holt," for, conscientious worker as she was and as all really great artists are, she was not content to make a guess.

Mr. Harrison listened as gravely to the presentation of her problem as if it concerned real individuals. The next day he sent her a carefully and concisely worded opinion, which she used in her book just as he wrote it. In the story it is ascribed to "the attorney general" and is referred to as "final authority." It is the part printed in italics in chapter thirty-five.

Mr. Harrison was both surprised and pleased to see his own words used. He expected that the novelist would wish to express his legal opinion in her own language. "Thanks to George Eliot," he said, with a smile, "I have written something that will live forever in English literature."—Philadelphia Press.

"Sapsy."

At Liverpool street station, London, I asked a booking clerk whether he could tell me where Sapsworth was. His answer was that he had never heard of such a place. "But," I urged, "is not that the way the country people pronounce Sawbridgeworth?" "No, indeed," he laughingly replied. "They call it Sapsy."—E. H. Cook in London Spectator.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

THE TERROR'S DINNER

"Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took the Terror's Nerve Away—The Repast and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named Turpin established a restaurant in Yuma, and among Turpin's original employees was a waiter named Job Straight, who could shoot with great precision, play draw poker with unvarying success and pack eighteen plates of miscellaneous grub upon one bare arm at one time. He could execute all the prevailing melodies either on piano or guitar, and he possessed the most tremendous baritone voice ever heard in Arizona. Why, men sometimes went to Turpin's just to hear Job deliver gastronomic orders. No perfect description can be given of that voice, however, except to say that at times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a Christmas dinner who took a startling concoction as an appetizer and then dropped thud-like at a table and roughly shouted to Straight:

"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recovering his reserve limit of equanimity, he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb from the frescoed tablecloth and whisked a bill of fare from the variegated castor and placed it before the new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in tones that could give Straight's ordinary, everyday baritone a castle and checkmate it in five moves. "I don't want to read your darned old tract. I don't care a darn who came into the world to save sinners. Bring me some grub—grub! Grub! Grub! Grub!"

"What do you want?"

"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you to hump yourself!"

"What's that?"

"I've given my order, you baldheaded old cigar store sign, and I want you to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattlesnakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to the cook in decibels that would have paralyzed Carl Formes had that old basso profundo been living and heard them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the reverberating response from the cook upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in the restaurant, and their eyes were at once turned on the young person from the Bend and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken a big catfish and cut it into four strips and rolled these strips in batter, so that they much resembled the stand orders, and after placing them in the frying pan he stuck his head out of the kitchen and shouted to Job:

"You want them fritters rare or well done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory in a cyclonic way, and the terror replied in as violent a tone and manner as he could command, "Well done, with plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."

And then Job thundered, to the cook:

"Well done, with plenty of Chili Colorado, hot as ——, and moccasin gravy on the side and brochettes of sand crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneously dead silence in that restaurant, and all eyes were again cast upon the terror and the waiter. The former turned ashen pale and began to weaken perceptibly, while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve all the market affords," muttered Job. "Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy or brochettes a la mode. Maybe you ain't hungry!"

"Say! You've got me—I ain't hungry, so help me—I couldn't eat a single hard boiled egg. Countermand that darned order, old man, and I'll pay all expenses and set 'em up as long as anybody can drink. Beg pardon, gentlemen, all. My first attempt to be a terror—pardon me, gentlemen. It's my last!"

And then he handed his revolver to Job and added:

"Take that pistol, old man, as a present and promise me that the next time any darned fool comes in here and calls for rattlesnakes on toast you'll shoot him dead!"

But Straight was too raving mad all the way through to willingly emerge from a situation only tolerably triumphant. So he took the weapon just as the order was being placed on the table and, pointing it at the terror, exclaimed:

"Now, then, my boy, dump yourself into that chair and eat them snakes—bones, skin and all!"

The young fellow did as he was commanded, but after finishing his repast staggered the uncompromising Job by shouting:

"I say, Baldy, bring me another plate of snakes!"—Denver News.

Wanted New Ones.

A traveler putting up at a fifth class hotel brought the "boots" up with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir? What's the matter, sir?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest scorchingly; "it's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Bloobs," bawled the "boots" in an uninterested sort of voice, "the gent in No. 6 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."—Illustrated Bits.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man-Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Star Spangled Fifth.

O H, say, can you see by the dim candlelight
That has glowed since the last roman candle exploded

While we stood on the lawn, at a late hour last night—
Can you see if they're gone, as most of us foreboded?
Little Johnnie's left ear will be useless, I fear,
And papa's scorched nose makes his face very queer—
But, say, do poor grandfather's whiskers yet wave,
Or did he acquire a skyrockety shave?

Uncle Henry has gone for some butter and salve
To apply to the arm of your poor sister Lizzie;
And the doctor keeps speaking of things he must have
All night has the druggist been awfully busy.

Father cannot sit down, so he stands with a frown,
And looks out at the fires that are blazing o'er town,
But, say, do poor grandfather's whiskers yet wave,
Or did they melt off in that crash the bombs gave?

DO GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS STILL WAVE?

All day he was warned that it might not be best
To be showing the youngsters the prints of their fingernails.
He was told that his beard should be shoved in his vest
Or the sparks and the flames would exhibit their dire works.
I and Lizzie and John, with our cutis gone,
Suffer here on our cots in the gray of the dawn.
But, tell us, do grandfather's whiskers yet wave,
Or did he acquire a July Fourthish shave?

—W. D. Nesbit in Judge.

THE DECLARATION.

History of the Immortal Document Which Made Us Free.

What has happened to the Declaration of Independence since its signing is recounted by William H. Michael, formerly of the state department at Washington. In 1789 congress authorized "the secretary for the department of foreign affairs" to take charge of it, along with other records, books and papers of the Continental congress. The same year the department of foreign affairs became the department of state, which has, to all intents and purposes, remained the depository of the Declaration ever since. The great document was from 1841 to 1877, however, deposited in the patent office, for many years a bureau of the department of state, and was allowed to remain there after the patent office was placed under the interior department, the old department of state not being fireproof, while the patent office building was believed to be so. After the present fireproof state, war and navy building was finished the Declaration was returned to its legal depository.

Until 1894 the Declaration was framed and displayed in a steel cabinet in the library of the department of state, where all visitors might see it, but in that year it was hermetically sealed in a frame and placed in a drawer of another steel cabinet constructed to protect also the original signed copy of the constitution. Here the Declaration still remains, locked and sealed by order of the late Secretary Hay, and it is no longer shown to any one, except by special direction of the state department.—New York Times.

Aftermath.

Part of him fell in the east by the sea,
Part of him fell in the sea by the west;
Certain remains fell in Charleston, S. C.,
Kennebunk, Maine, got his trousers and vest.

In New Jersey there landed a leg,
Western New York got another, I know;
Part of him landed in Winnipeg,
Quite a large piece fell in Mexico.

Maybe his vertebrate column may fall
Over New Mexico's rattlesnake plains,
Maybe his ribs may descend one and all
Many months hence with the autumn's rains.

And if some shred of him, haply, you find,
Don't ship it back to his aunts and his nieces;
Dig a small grave for it, friend, and be kind;
Mark it, "One section of Jones; Rest In Pieces."
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

ETIQUETTE OF THE FLAG.

By C. L. Hammond, Secretary Illinois United States Flag Association.

When President William McKinley was assassinated six years ago, thousands of loyal Americans raised flags at half mast over their places of business and let them fly by night and by day until they wore out. They undoubtedly thought they were showing respect to McKinley's memory, but they were not showing proper respect to the flag. The United States government displayed at that time its flags at half mast from sunrise to sunset from the president's death until his burial. The government regulations provide that on the death of a president in office its flag shall be displayed at half mast only one day.

In memory of the 2,000 Union soldiers who lost their lives during the civil war, on May 30, Memorial day, each year the United States displays its flag at half mast at all army posts, stations and national cemeteries from sunrise till midday. Immediately before noon a dirge is played by the band, or field music, and the national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag is hoisted to the top of the staff and remains there until sunset. The idea is that the national ensign is too sacred an object to be long in mourning for any man or number of men, no matter how exalted their rank.

The flag reversed, with the union down, indicates distress. The flag or anything but a flirt, actually besieged, should never be displayed between sunset and sunrise.

When the flag is to be displayed at half mast, it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top before it is finally lowered.—Washington Post.

THE FOURTH AT SANTIAGO.

Told by "Fighting Bob" Evans, Rear Admiral U. S. N.

"The Fourth of July, 1898, was really the most spectacular one I ever witnessed," says Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans in the New York Press.

"We were lying outside Santiago harbor after the sinking of the Spanish fleet on the 3d of July.

"I had been working hard on the 3d and was up all night and had retired about 10 o'clock on the Fourth to get a much needed rest.

"About 11 o'clock my orderly came to my bed and, flashing a bullseye lantern in my face, said:

"'Another boat is coming out, sir.'

"'That can't be,' I answered.

"'Yes, sir, I saw her, sir,' he retorted.

"By the time I reached the deck the Texas and Massachusetts, on watch, had their searchlights upon her, and we could plainly make out Cervera. And then began the first battle in the history of the world by searchlight.

"The Texas opened up her twelve inch guns, and the first shot struck the Reina Mercedes broadside. Then followed a fusillade from the Massachusetts, while the whole fleet moved up for position in the line.

"Then the shore batteries and forts opened fire, and shells fell thick and fast about us. For Fourth of July celebration and noise, for excitement, enthusiasm and patriotism, the Fourth of July, 1898, stands out as the most spectacular one in my experience."

Fourth of July Proverbs.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated fireworks.

A shot in the gun is worth two in the hand.

A little burning is a dangerous thing.

He who shoots and runs away may live to shoot another day.

Never look a gift cannon in the mouth.

Cannon crackers after faces.

One good burn deserves another.

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to shoot shoot with thy might.

It's an ill bomb that blows up nobody good.

It's a wise father who knows his own child—the day after.

Uneasy lies the head that wears bandages.

A living boy is better than a dead patriot.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can fire tonight.

Celebration is the thief of time.

All's not cold that smolders.

A good aim is rather to be chosen than great stitches.

Insurance is the best policy.

A new bomb sweeps clean.

Dead boys tell no tales.—Carolyn Wells in Life.

A Naive Prayer.

Just before the indecisive battle of Monmouth in the Revolutionary war a brigade chaplain in Washington's army is said to have offered up this unique prayer:

"O Lord of Hosts, lead forth thy servants of the American army to battle and give them the victory; or, if this be not according to thy sovereign will, then we pray thee stand neutral and let flesh and blood decide the issue."—Harper's Weekly.

The Largest American Flag.

To hang in the great court of the postoffice department in Washington a flag will soon be made which it is believed will be the largest in the world. It will be sixty feet long by about thirty-five feet wide. The thirteen red and white stripes will be nearly three feet wide each. The cost will be $200.

A Word of Warning.

Oh, see the lovely roman candle—
Just a stick without a handle;
In lighting it we recommend
You don't look in the business end.

Man-Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. C. Blackwood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
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Jury Commissioners—Wm. Mead, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. RENFREW, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

C. H. DEMING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 91, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BRIGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 45, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RUHLIN, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Mrs. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA RUHLEMANN, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 11, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. MAHA CARTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, minister. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Union Down.

A Fourth of July Story by OLIVE HARPER.

ON this particular Fourth of July a gay party from San Francisco gathered at San Bruno with music and fireworks. They dined among the trees on the slope of the coast line of hills.

On the lower and level side of the road were a marshy place bordering on a small branch of the bay and a house belonging to the firm of Miller & Lux, the cattle kings of that day. This house was occupied by the herders. The great ranch lay to the southward, and there were kept the cattle on their way to the place where all good and some bad cattle go.

This picnic was to be great as picnics go, with music, dancing on the sward after the dinner and reading of the Declaration of Independence, and then fireworks. There would be a full moon.

Everybody was happy save Mildred Tarpley, and she was in a very fever of suspense. She was pretty and knew her scarlet dress and parasol were both becoming. But Malcolm Barchard did not come, and he was to read the Declaration, maybe make one.

At last there was a cloud of dust and he was there, but with another girl beside him. No wonder the sun was eclipsed. Mildred went away as soon as they were introduced, to hate this Boston girl. Her head ached and her dinner tasted like dead sea apples. And Malcolm did not miss her!

Mildred had brought the silken flag that was to ornament the wagon where

Malcolm seized the obstreperous grass.

he was to stand to read and forget she had it. She knew only that she was the most unhappy girl in the world as she wandered to the gate to the ranch which was even with the head of the little bay.

Before she knew it she had turned the point of the small bay and was walking along on the eastern side of it. The point of land that made this tiny harbor was some sixty feet above the level on the eastern side, but on the west it sloped gently to the beach which faced the picnic grounds. There was an abandoned hut near the water, and beyond it she noticed a line of sharply pointed, jagged rocks at the end of the point of land. What if she were to throw herself into the seething water there?

While she stood thus, a scarlet point against the green of the grass, kept fresh by the fogs of afternoon, a trembling shook the very earth, and a sound was heard that struck terror into her soul. Coming on toward her in a bellowing mass was the whole herd of cattle, led by a great red steer with branching horns.

There was nothing to do but to run for the old house and hope she could reach it, and hope again that the impact of the onrushing cattle would not flash it down. The door was on the side farthest from the cattle, and Mildred flew around so that the big leader missed her for a moment. This gave her time to open the door, which hung on one hinge, and get her back against it. The halyards of the old flag pole that had been used once for signaling hung within her reach. Some persons grow stupid and dazed under danger, while others find their mind clear and every faculty alive. Mildred was one of the latter kind, so she thought of the flag and actually remembered to tie a regular sailor instead of a granny knot; then she raised it union down.

The herd was now within ten yards of the hut, and she knew it would not withstand much battering, so she thrust her red parasol out the window and suddenly opening it allowed the freshening trade wind to seize it, and one friendly puff rolled the scarlet sunshade along up the slope. The leader saw red and followed it, with the whole herd bellowing after him.

No one on the other side had noticed the stampede of the herd nor had even observed the absence of Mildred except Malcolm, who was seeking her everywhere. He had loved her so long, and there was a pretty ring in his pocket that he intended to ask her to wear, but he wished first to cover himself with glory by reading the Declaration. Then when they were all applauding him he would slip away to Mildred and tell her. With a double sense of defeat he mounted the flagless wagon.

Miss Aldrich had wandered around gathering flowers and slowly walked across the road. Lifting her eyes she saw the flag and it was inverted, opposite. She dropped every flower, gasping:

"It is union down! Danger, distress, appeal for aid! I must go. Oh, what is that? Cattle, thousands of them! Oh, thank Providence, here is a skiff."

The girl, reared by old Marblehead, knew the signal, knew how to row a boat, too, and she quickly cast the painter loose and in a moment was pulling with long even strokes toward the other shore.

In the general excitement of the music, the reading and oration none saw the girl in the boat as she pulled bravely for the little house, but her heart sank as she saw that the cold tide was sucking her down between the hills and carrying her toward the entrance faster than she could row across. She had the wind and tide against her, as the tide was now ebbing fast, and the flat bottomed boat offered no resistance. She saw herself drifting toward the jagged rocks in spite of her frantic efforts. Then one of the thole pins broke off short. The shock jerked the oar from her hand, and it went bobbing off. Before she could make an attempt to scull the boat with the other oar she was on the rocks."

In the meantime, and in a very short time altogether, Mildred had seen the young woman coming and knew that rescue was at hand. But why was it not Malcolm?

She saw the tiny pin break and oar go floating away. The cattle were bumping against the old house, making it tremble now. Then she saw the frail boat heading toward the rocks helplessly. She forgot the bellowing of the cattle and squeezed through the door, which opened facing the beach, while the hurtling mass of beef was against the side. Down to the beach in three great steps, and along to the end of the point of rocks, a hundred yards away, and into the foaming water up to her shoulders, braced against the rocks behind her, went Mildred, while the helpless boat came swiftly along broadside. Mildred seized the outstretched arms of the rescuer, while the empty boat went whirling away.

The two girls struggled up toward the other beach, but they dared not go completely out of the shelter of the rocks, as the cattle were still crowding up against the house and then bellowing, plunging on up the hill to the bluff, where they were pushed over by those behind.

"How dared you try to cross in that little boat?" chattered Mildred as she tried to talk.

"I understand boats, but it is different when you know the shore and winds and tides. Was it you who raised that flag?"

"Yes," replied Mildred. "Was there no farm to take your place?"

"I know, no one but Malcolm Barchard, and he was away looking for you."

"Oh," said Mildred, and the two grew less chilly. The two girls held each other closely. Mabel continued:

"I am a rancher, and came out here to rest. I am going to be married in the fall to Malcolm's brother."

"I am so glad," said Mildred, melting completely. "I am so glad for you. But what is the matter over there?"

"Somebody is coming to save us," said Mildred, while Miss Aldrich replied that there was no other boat.

"See!" cried Mildred. "That's Malcolm, and he is going to swim! He will be drowned!"

"He is strong and swims well."

And then they held to each other and watched with strained eyes for Malcolm until he reached the shore. Just then three herders came galloping like mad, trying to save the rest of the cattle, and in a few minutes they had turned the herd.

What Miller & Lux's herdsmen said would fill a volume, but as soon as they saw the two girls they became all gentleness and invited them to the ranch to get some dry clothes.

One of them confided to Miss Aldrich that it was tempting Providence to wear a red dress among Texas steers.

While he was saying this Malcolm, the dripping hero, whispered:

"Mildred, why did you go off and get into such danger? You need some one to take care of you, and, dear, I want to be that one. See, here is the ring which will make you my wife."

"I will think it over."

"You'll say yes right now. I've been reading the Declaration of Independence today and find I've a right to the pursuit of happiness, and that is what you mean for me."

Then he took the cold hand, tasting yet of salt water, and put the ring on, and Mildred did not look angry as he kissed it.

The three herders after looking over the cliff held a consultation. One said that he had always had a hankering after Australia and guessed he'd go, and the second said he thought he would do well in the mines. The third said:

"I guess I'll stop. What the main guys will say to us I don't know, but I do know they won't stop swearing from this Fourth of July till Christmas. I can stand it if they can. Say, beer will be awful cheap for a week or two in Frisco, eh?"

Our Flag.

The flag of our country is not simply a piece of bunting, which can be purchased for a few dimes in the nearest shop; it is not a mere cluster of brilliant colors; it is the emblem of dignity, authority, power. Insult it and millions will spring to its defense. In this free land there is no sovereign, no crown; our sole emblem of fidelity to country is the flag.—General Horace Porter.

The Goat.

In monkeying with the old tin can
A foolish thing thou didst;
It makes thee sick to find, poor Nan,
The cracker in thy midst.
—Judge.

Subscribe for

The MINER,

and get all

the news.

A ROASTED RAT.

It Appears in Many Guises, According to a Japanese Legend.

In olden time, runs a Japanese legend, a Buddhist priest became acquainted with a kitsune's courier who on his journeys to and from Tokyo would often stop and spend the night at the temple. He seemed to be a man of remarkable intelligence, with whom it was a great pleasure to converse upon all sorts of subjects. One night, as the two were talking together, the courier said:

"I thank you for the many favors you have shown me since we became friends, but tomorrow morning I must bid you farewell and never see you again."

"Why must that be?" asked the priest.

"I will tell you the whole truth," answered the courier. "I am not a man, but a fox. For the purpose of deceiving the kitsune I assumed human form. One of his retainers, however, became suspicious and learned my secret. He has made a trap and baited it with a roasted rat in order that he may capture me on my return journey and put me to death. Alas, it will be impossible for me to escape."

The priest exclaimed in astonishment: "Can it be true that you are a fox? This is a strange story. Since you know all about the trap, why do you not leave the bait untouched?"

"Because it is impossible for a fox, when once it smells roast rat, to keep from tasting it."

"Why, how is it," asked the priest, "that you, whose wisdom is more than that possessed by most men, can throw away your life for the sake of eating a roast rat? Among men, even a fool would know too much for that."

The fox answered, with a bitter laugh: "Ah, it is only a roast rat that can lead a fox astray. But men, though well aware of the dangers are caught by their love of pleasure, of strong drink or of gold. To obtain these they not only throw away their own lives, but they bring ruin upon their families and their country.

"These temptations are only other forms of roasted rat."—Youth's Companion.

THE WORST OF ANIMALS.

A Striking Portrait of Man With Schopenhauer's Compliments.

Man is the only animal which causes pain to others without any further purpose than just to cause it. Other animals never do it except to satisfy their hunger or in the rage of combat. No animal ever torments another for the mere purpose of tormenting, but man does it, and it is this that constitutes the diabolical feature in his character which is so much worse than the merely animal. I have already spoken of the matter in its broad aspect; but it is manifested every in small things, and every reader has a daily opportunity of observing it. For instance, if two little boys are playing together and what a genial and charming sight it is!—and a child of three or four years joins them, it is almost inevitable for it to begin hitting them with a whip or stick and thereby show itself, even at that age, the worst of animals. The love of teasing and playing tricks, which is common enough, may be traced to the same source. For instance, if a man has expressed his annoyance at any interruption or other petty inconvenience, there will be no lack of people who for that very reason will bring it about. This is so certain that a man should be careful not to express any annoyance at small evils. On the other hand, he should also be careful not to express his pleasure at any trifle, for, if he does so, men will act like the jailer, who, when he found that his prisoner had performed the laborious task of taming a spider and took a pleasure in watching it, immediately crushed it under his foot. This is why all animals are instinctively afraid of the sight or even of the track of a man, that animal mechant par excellence! Nor does their instinct play them false, for it is man alone who hunts game for which he has no use and which does him no harm.—Schopenhauer.

The Falling Leaf.

The falling of a leaf is brought about by the formation of a thin layer of vegetable tissue at the point where the leaf stem joins the branch of the tree. After the leaf ceases to make starch and sugar for the tree this tissue begins to grow and actually cuts the leaf off. It is therefore not a mere breaking away on account of the wind bending the dried stems, but an automatic severing of the member no longer useful. The falling of ripe fruit is dependent upon the same process.

Willing to Conform.

"Richard," said his precise wife in an undertone, "it is all right for you to avoid elaborate ceremony in introducing the guests to one another, but I wish you would not say, 'Mr. Throgmorton, shake hands with Mr. Wigmore.' I do not approve of that style of introduction."

"All right, Amaryllis," heartily responded the host. "I'll cut that out. Hello, Flathush! Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Flathush, wiggle-flippers with Mr. Skidmarbora."—Chicago Tribune.

She Shut the Door.

The ardent Frenchman looked tenderly at the fair young mistress of his soul. "Je t'adore!" he murmured.

"Maybe I'd better," she returned. "You can't never tell who's listening in this yere house."—Baltimore American.

You can keep the sun off you with an umbrella, but you can't make a living by holding it in one hand and working with the other.—Atlanta Constitution.

Pinaules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Marcia's Ride

By ANNE REILMAN.

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The sun was setting, as for weeks past, in a hot, pitiless glare, which made its disappearance a distinct relief. It cast no long afternoon shadows, for between Marcia's eyes and the far horizon stretched only a rolling sea of prairie grass browned almost to a stubble.

"See anything of pap?" asked a querulous voice from the squeaky wooden rocker near the back door.

"He's coming," the girl answered listlessly. Then in a brisker, brighter tone: "How easily Bonnie Belle makes it! You'd think she was on her first mile, and I'll warrant my new hat pa's kept that price for the whole trip. Bless the pretty creature!"

"She's a fine mare, Marshy. There ain't many in Nebrusky sticker, less it's Charlie Keith's roan," with a covert glance. "Well, if you'll dish the supper, I'll get the butter an' preserves, hey?"

"All right. Hello, father! Back again? How's Bonnie Belle?"

"Chipper's ever, Marshy. See her reach for ye, darter. I vow she's got more sense than some humans. Supper ready? How's ma?"

"Hetter, and supper's on the table. I'll straddle Belle. Any mail, father?"

"What, now, they wun't any letters, darter, but here's the paper. I swan but it's flyoty times down to Prairie City. Boomers till yo can't rest, an' ye hear nothin' but bragging about the Kiowa reservation an' the ride for it next Saturday. There's settlers pilin' in by every train, an' cowboys an' blacklegs galore. Won't be many chances for an old feller like me. Yes, ma, I'm comin'."

He entered to the impatient invalid, and Marcia led her blooded mare to the shed stable. After removing the saddle and bridle the girl suddenly threw her soft arm around her head against the pretty creature's sleek side.

"Oh, why don't I hear? Where is he? It can't be that little tigress at the dance. I hate Tom Hobson!" pitiously. "I only went with him because I didn't care to show I preferred Charlie when they came up at the same minute. It would have been so marked! Why couldn't he understand? Most any pilots!"

Half laughing, half sobbing she gave her pet a gentle rub down, adding food, drink and a last caress. Then she turned toward the cabin.

"We need rain awfully," she sighed, as much as we need money. Oh, what a life! Work, work, work, and for what? If it isn't grasshoppers, it's fires, and if it isn't those it is sandstorms and cyclones. There's no use trying to get ahead in this wretched country."

"What ye mutterin' over, Marshy?" called her father's big voice from the supper table. "Come in an' read the news to your ma. The paper's full of it."

"Of what?" said Marcia obliviously.

"Why, wasn't I tellin' ye? Of the opening of the reservation an' the gov'ment givin' out the Injun lands. I swan if I was younger I'd make a race for it myself. I know Bonnie Belle could do it. She came from the city tonight in forty minutes and never turned a hair."

Marcia began to read of that last eruption of the stranger and the "tenderfoot" which was transforming the small, sleepy town into a noisy, blustering, open all night, fakir ridden city nearing its hundred thousand inhabitants, the better portion intent upon claiming a home at the opening, while the remainder, were as intent upon plunder, lawlessness and devilry. Marcia read listlessly for a time, then with growing excitement.

"It'll be a wonderful sight, pa, that ride. How I wish that we could get a town lot at Kiowa and make a home there! I could teach then, and you could, perhaps, start a mill again, father, and we'd give up fighting the storms and bugs on this old ranch. If you only could!"

"Yes, darter, but I couldn't. How's a man to make sich a run when he can't move his bridle arm 'thout a pain ketchin' him? Pap's too old an' too clumsy, my girl."

Marcia lay awake far into the night, thinking, planning, revolving.

* * * * * * * * *

It was nothing unusual for Marcia to ride over to Prairie City for a visit. She had schoolmates there who were always glad to see her, and possibly other interests drew her in that direction. It was the town Charlie Keith called home and in which he spent his brief vacations. Here Marcia had met him often in the past two years of her happy school life, and here she had seemingly, irrevocably offended him by one of those sudden, girlish freaks, so inexplicable to a lover.

She had neither seen nor heard from him since. Her father noted the cessation of certain frequent letters and the sadness on his darling's beautiful face and longed to comfort her. When she asked the next morning if she might spend the rest of the week with Effie Darrow, in Prairie City, he gladly gave consent.

* * * * * * * * *

The next two days would have tested the resolution of most men and did sap the strength of many, as they stood in line under the blazing Nebraska sun, blistered with heat, parched with thirst, gritty and blind with the powdered dust, waiting their slow turn at the registration booth. But Marcia was a determined girl and was accustomed to hardships. She had galloped miles over the sun swept prairies, she had slept more than once with no roof above her head and no couch beneath her, and she knew what endurance meant. She had started on this mad scheme in a mood of strained excitement. After her lover's continued silence, her lateral, monotonously barren existence had wrought her feelings to a pitch where almost any act was possible; nor did the strain loosen until her registration was accomplished at sunset of the second day.

It was five minutes to 12 on that brassy, sandy swept Saturday, and Marcia Brooks, mounted on her brave chestnut, stood with many thousand others in that mighty line of battle, ready for the charge.

Hark—a gun! The flag of the military barracks yonder drops to the ground. It is the signal.

Instantly there is an answering yell of joy from hundreds of revolvers discharged into the air. Then, amid the roar, the smoke, and the yells from thousands of throats, the line of battle starts forward at a run.

Marcia is nearly paralyzed for an instant, but Bonnie Belle is off. She is off like a bolt from a catapult, pounding through the dust, straining at her bridle, leaving the hurtling prairie schooners and ungainly farm vehicles rapidly in the rear. They soon outstrip the longest-horse holders and are among the reckless cowboys in the lead. These men greet her presence with rough cries of gallantry which make her heart beat thick and fast. If she had only stayed in the safer crowd behind! But Bonnie Belle is quite beyond her control now. The mare has settled to her gait and has no thought of anything but first place in this heat.

Marcia turns her head uneasily for a glance over her shoulder, catches one swift, hazy glimpse of a face that is familiar in spite of its dusty disguise and hears the sudden exclamation, "Marcia!"

The next instant the other rider's horse is at her side, his hand is touching hers, and for one blissful minute she cannot see for tears as she murmurs, "Oh, Charlie, I am so glad!"

It is the only explanation necessary. The glance, the tone of voice, have been enough for the most exacting heart, and from that hour all the hard ride is for both but a short rush for Eden.

Side by side the contestants leave the seventeen miles behind them, and their good steeds, reeking with foam, but still superb in speed, bear them to the government officers which mark the center of Kiowa just exactly sixty minutes after the start.

Charlie quickly enters out two desirable claims, which will soon be worth their thousands. Marcia cares for the horses as best she can, while Charlie stations her beside him to hold their own against the rush.

It is a wild, tumultuous moment, but they are close together, and his hand clasps hers, while he leans closer.

"Marcia, dearest, you can give your claim to the old folks. Mine is for you. There'll be a minister along pretty soon, and my tent is coming by the first pack train. Why should we wait? Let us be married and begin right here together. Will you, darling?"

And clear amid the yells, the shooting, the mad rush of fleeting settlers, half crazed with thirst, fatigue and excitement, he plainly hears her honest "Yes."

General Daumesnil's Leg.

General Daumesnil's wooden and iron leg is in the Paris Military museum. The warrior in question lost one of his legs at the battle of Wagram, and when he returned to Paris it was replaced by a mechanical contrivance of timber with iron springs. Although crippled, the old soldier remained in active service and was in command of the Vincennes fort in 1814 when the allies were in Paris. It was to the troops of the anti-Napoleon coalition that General Daumesnil said when called upon to give up his fort, "Let me have my leg, and then you can take Vincennes." The old general died in 1832, deprived of his mechanical limb. It had been taken off while he was ill in order to be repaired by a smith named Broil, living at Vincennes. Broil kept the article and handed it down to his family, from whom it subsequently passed into the ownership of the municipality of Vincennes. The councilors of the artillery borough handed it over to the war department, and it is among the most honored relics of French armies of the past.

Gloves.

The origin of gloves is very ancient. Some authorities assert that they were known in Bible times, from references made to "shoes" which were thought to be identical with gloves. The first clear account of gloves comes, however, from Xenophon. This writer speaks of the Persians wearing gloves on their hands to protect them from the cold. Homer describes Laertes working in his garden with gloves upon his hands to protect them from the thorns, and Varro mentions this apparel as being worn by the Romans.

Gloves have been tokens of solemn and important things from the ninth century. They were adopted as a rite of the church, and later the transferring of lands or titles was always attended with the presentation of gloves. In the eleventh century the method of challenging to single combat by throwing down a glove was instituted, and this custom still remains in some countries. Gloves were not worn by women until after the reformation.—St. Louis Republic.

In Trouble.

"Did you go to the doctor's to be examined this morning?"

"Yes. And I was terribly disappointed."

"What was the trouble, dear?"

"I found him in."—Milwaukee Sentinal.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

ROBBERY IN PARIS CAFES.

No Prices on Bills of Fare, and Waiters Impose on Guests.

"I tell you," said the returned European traveler, taking up the bill of fare, "it's a good deal of relief to get to a place where one can know the exact cost of things to eat and drink. When on the other side I narrowly escaped nervous prostration because of the latitude in the prices of items on the menu. Paris is about the worst offender among European cities in this respect. In restaurant after restaurant there prices are omitted from the bill of fare simply to give an opportunity to rifle the pockets of the unwary. Take my advice and have as close an approach to an actual agreement as possible with your garçon regarding the demolition total of your meal before giving your order. If you don't, there's trouble and pecuniary loss ahead. The waiter, with the connivance of the proprietor of the cafe, will do all he can to impose upon you.

"One tragic story that I can vouch for may be of interest to American tourists. It shows the variety of restaurant robbery in Paris illustrating incidentally French ingenuity. An American woman gave a small luncheon at a well known place to a half dozen friends. She had no intention of making it an elaborate affair. She knew French ways and had a careful estimate made of the cost of the repast ordered. After the second course she noticed that the waiters were pressing upon her guests delicacies for which she had not stipulated, and she observed, too, that a point was made of asking each person if she would have some of this, that or the other thing. Of course the viands were accepted. These extras were succeeded by others, the poor hostess not being able (or felt she was unable, which amounts to the same thing) to stem the tide rapidly overwhelming her pocketbook. When she had a stormy session with the proprietor she could get no satisfaction. The things were ordered, they were eaten. Of a surety, madame had ordered them, else they would not have been served. It is impossible that madame would wish to have consequences most unpleasant," she wisely said, the fifth, last the experience cost her dear.

"So, you see, holdups are not confined to our beloved country. In fact, I think that our polite contemporaries over the Atlantic know things about the game about which our despoilees are in entire ignorance."—New York Press.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Trouble comes natural to some people, just like freckles or curly hair.

How differently our side of a fuss sounds when presented by our enemies!

The chances are if people distrust you the fault lies largely with yourself.

A man never cares a great deal for the pictures taken of him when he was a baby.

The idea that there are two sides to every question didn't originate with any of the parties directly interested.

It is right to start out in life with an ambition, but don't overlook the importance of enjoying the scenery on the way.

When a man picks up a pair of pantaloons he has not worn in a long time, he always feels in the pockets to see if he has left any money in them.—Atchison Globe.

Changed His Motto.

A southern representative in congress is reputed to be of such a persuasive manner that, no matter what party may be in power, he outdoes his colleagues in procuring favors for his constituents.

One afternoon the statesman was met by a newspaper man. "Well, major," asked the latter, "how many appointments and almsgivings have you arranged for today? We all know your way of getting everything that you go after."

"Nothing today," responded the representative rather wearily. "My experience this time reminds me of the old Confederate soldier that I knew in Tennessee. 'I went into this war,' said he, 'with the motto "Veni, vidi, vici" and I came out vice versa.'"—St. Louis Republic.

How They Fooled the Preacher.

When our grandmothers arranged to have chicken for Sunday dinner—for the preacher—they picked out the biggest and fattest and toughest old hen on the place Saturday afternoon and had the boys and dogs "run her down." A tough old hen that is chased all over the place and frightened out of her life is as tender as a spring lamb when cooked. Fright makes any animal, bird or fowl tender, so the books say, and it appears from this that our grandmothers knew what they were about when they had the tough old hens chased before killing.—El Dorado (Kan.) Republican.

It Killed Him.

"I should fancy the laundry business was about as easy as any to start."

"What makes you think so?"

"All you have to do is to lay in a supply of starch."

"Yes."

"Well, that'll starch you all right."

Three days after there was a burial.—London Tit-Bits.

A Brilliant Thought.

Mistress (to maid after the party)—So Fran X. called this afternoon. What reason did you give for my not seeing her? Maid—I told her we had a big wash on.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Assume in adversity a countenance of prosperity and in prosperity moderate thy temper.—Livy.

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OLD CLOTHES AND NEW.

By Frank H. Sweet.

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They were all up in Aunt Clara's room, packing the box, when Jessie Boyd came in at 4 o'clock to ask Carrie what she was going to wear that evening to the musicale. Jessie went upstairs without ceremony. She was Carrie's most intimate friend.

"Oh, there you are!" said Carrie, who was sitting on the foot of the bed with a pile of clothing on her lap. "I've been wondering all afternoon what had become of you. We're packing the box to go to mother's cousin in West Holden. Aunt Clara wants—"

"Where's the bottle of benzine?" asked Agnes, interrupting. "You had it last, Carrie."

"Look on the shelf in my closet," said Carrie. "What are you going to do with the benzine?"

"Clean the spots on that tan cloth cape of mine. I'm ashamed to send it as it is now."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed to send anything," said Aunt Clara, who was on her knees before the box, spreading some newspapers over the bottom. "They are so poor they'll be glad of everything, no matter how old. You haven't time to clean off spots."

"They can do it for themselves," said Carrie. "Here, maybe, hadn't you better put those old white skirts in first?"

"Seems to me, Carrie, you could wear that white skirt with the ruffles yourself," remarked Mrs. Brandon, who was pulling over the contents of a trunk she had dragged in from the hall. "It doesn't look at all worn."

"No, but it doesn't hang right," replied Carrie, and it's too short. Besides, I despise a ruffled petticoat."

"Very well," said her mother in a resigned tone. "But it is. You and Agnes are dreadfully extravagant. I don't wonder your father complains about expenses."

"Here are some old nightdresses," said Mrs. Brandon. "I intended to tear them up for window cloths, but Rachel might patch them up."

"Of course she will," said Aunt Clara, seizing upon the nightdresses eagerly.

She thoroughly enjoyed the packing of this box. She always declared that, no matter what her faults were, no one could accuse her of not being generous.

The trunk yielded, in addition to the nightdresses, an old black alpaca skirt, which had been spoiled by paint when the front porch had been given a fresh coat the previous fall, a much worn pair of shoes, a black straw bonnet which had been lying in the trays "for mices," several pairs of hose in sad need of darning, a gray wrapper damaged by moths and a black silk petticoat the ruffles of which were whipped out.

"You could use that silk for lining a grenadine, Frances," said Aunt Clara.

"But I don't expect to have a grenadine this summer," rebuked her sister, "and it would be a pity not to put to something decent."

"Well, if you had been to Cousin Rachel's and seen how poor they are," said Clara, "you'd know that anything would be acceptable. Rachel has a real gift for turning and patching too."

"For my part, I'm glad to get rid of my old clothes," said Carrie, "and I vote we send Cousin Rachel a box every year. It's a good deal better than making bundles for the Associated Charities to distribute. We know just where the things are going." She tossed her aunt a green surah waist, the seams of which were frayed. "I can wear the skirt around mornings with a percale shirt waist," she added.

All this time Jessie Boyd had stood quietly at the foot of the bed looking on.

"Has your cousin any girls about my age?" she asked, regarding attentively the two faded waists which Aunt Clara was folding together.

"Dear me, yes," answered the lady. "Alice is just your age and Stella a year or so younger. Then there are two little girls of ten and twelve, Amy and Ruth. I stopped over in West Holden for a day in March on my way home from Florida and saw them all. They're pretty girls, too, particularly Alice. I felt so sorry for them. I don't suppose Alice ever had a pretty gown or a bunch of ribbons in her life."

"Then would you mind if—could I send something?" stammered Jessie. "I wouldn't want them to know, of course, but I have several little things, and—"

"Oh, my dear child, yes," Aunt Clara interrupted. "Bring anything you choose. I'll pack it. No matter how old it is, they can make use of it."

Jessie went home at once. In about twenty minutes she returned with a good sized pasteboard box, with a narrow pink ribbon tied around it. On the cover was written, "For Alice."

"You're just in time. I'm ready to have Peter nail up," said Aunt Clara. "Oh, I'm not to see what you're sending. Now, my dear child, you needn't be ashamed of it, whatever it is, for they have so little that anything—I only hope Rachel will appreciate the trouble I've taken," and she followed Jessie into Carrie's room.

There, on the bed, lay the gown her younger niece was to wear to the musicale. It was a cream china silk, trimmed with lace and white ribbon, and beside it was a pair of high heeled slippers of French kid.

"You'll wear your new china silk waist, of course, Jessie," said Carrie as her friend glanced toward the bed.

Jessie shook her head. "No, I've decided on my blue organdie," she answered quietly and then began to talk of something else.

They were opening the box in the sitting room at West Holden when Alice Brent came in, breathless. She was a slender girl, with soft eyes.

"Has it come?" she cried. "How glad I am I got there in time."

"Yes, but we weren't going to unpack it until you came," said Stella. "We just wanted to have it all ready. It's a family treat, to be enjoyed together."

Jessie's pasteboard box came out first, as it was on top.

"Something especially for me!" cried Alice. "How lovely! But I won't open it until the last. Take out the other things, mother, dear."

The other things were taken out, one by one Mrs. Brent unfolded them and laid them in a pile on the floor. Not one of the girls ventured to make a remark of any sort, and Alice did not dare glance at Stella.

"That is all, I think, my dears," said the mother as she placed on the pile the white petticoats Carrie had contributed. "I will put all the things in my closet and examine them at my leisure."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," remarked Stella.

"Stella!" Mrs. Brent's voice was one of rebuke. Little Ruth began to weep.

"There, let's look at my box, ruthless," said Alice. "We mustn't forget that."

"Probably filled with soiled ribbons and discarded artificial flowers," muttered Stella, in whose black eyes angry tears burned hotly.

With fingers that trembled a little, Alice untied the pink ribbon and removed the cover of the box.

"Oh, oh!" she said. "Mother, look here! Just see!" And then her voice broke and tears filled her eyes.

In the box, neatly folded, lay a pretty white china silk waist trimmed with lace, a pair of perfectly new tan gloves, three dainty handkerchiefs and twelve yards of fine white lawn.

"There's some mistake," said Stella. "This doesn't agree with the rest at all. Probably they will write to have it returned."

"Stella, dear, we couldn't expect them to send things they could use themselves."

"No, I suppose not, and I'm an unthankful wretch. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, but"—and her voice quivered a little—"it isn't to me, somehow, to be grateful, is it?"

Mrs. Brent wrote a well worded letter of thanks to her cousin.

"I must not neglect to tell you," she said in conclusion, "of Alice's pleasure in the contents of the pasteboard box. The pretty gloves and dainty silk waist fitted her perfectly, and she is busy today making up the lawn which will be her best gown all summer."

Aunt Clara sat back as she laid the letter down.

"How suspicious of people to read new things!" she muttered. "And I was so particular to tell her that any thing would do."

No Country Mansions in Cuba.

You are disappointed in not seeing splendid mansions in Cuba. The headquarters of the haciendas consist of groups of low and unlovely buildings, surrounded by ugly walls, but in this respect, as in many others, appearances are deceitful. The frequency of insurrections and the enterprising bandits have made it necessary for planters to protect themselves and their homes as securely as possible and every hacienda is a fortress capable of being defended by the retainers of the owner, who live with him within the walls. Some of the larger plantations are still maintained on the feudal system, but many of them have passed from private ownership into the hands of corporations, and the former proprietors are living in Madrid, Seville, Paris, or perhaps New York, while salaried administrators reign in their stead. The patriarchal relationship between the owners and the tillers of the soil is rapidly passing away.—Washington Star.

A Wise Old Mule.

Our old mule would not work after 12 o'clock. We would be compelled to unhitch, go to the barn and let the mule eat as long as he was able to swallow; that would be about two hours. Then the mule would be ready for work. It mattered not how late in the day when the mule was taken out in the field, or how cloudy it might be. The wind might blow so strong that the sounds of the bells and the whistles could not be heard, or the work would lie in some out of the way place where no one could be seen going to dinner. Yet when 12 o'clock came to the minute, he would refuse to work any longer. We have taken feed and let him eat before noon, but this did not satisfy him; he must go to the barn at noon or kick everything to pieces. We tried the mule in a coal mine, but with the same result. He seemed to tell the time in the mine equally as well as out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

The First American Cabinet.

When John Hancock was president of congress in 1785 and had his office at 5 Cherry street in New York city, there were only three grand departments of the United States which performed the functions now performed by the president's cabinet. These three "grand departments" were distributed as follows: The Hon. John Jay, secretary for foreign affairs, at 8 Broadway; Hon. Henry Knox, secretary at war, in Smith street; the Hon. Walter Livingston, Samuel Osgood and Arthur Lee, commissioners of the treasury. The "office of congress" in that period was at 81 Broadway. When Washington was first elected president in 1789 there were four members of congress from New York as follows: John Lawrence, John Haring, Melanchthon Smith and Peter W. Yates.

Schopenhauer on Hypocrisy.

Oh, for some Asmodeus of morality to make not only roofs and walls transparent to his favorites, but also to lift the veil of dissimulation, fraud, hypocrisy, pretense, falsehood and deception, which is spread over all things, to show how little true honesty there is in the world and how often, even where it is least to be expected, behind all the exterior outwork of virtue, secretly and in the innermost recesses, unrighteousness sits at the helm! It is just on this account that so many men of the better kind have four footed friends, for, to be sure, how is a man to get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity and malice of mankind if there were no dogs into whose honest faces he can look without distrust?

IT WOULDN'T KEEP.

One Thing the Scotsman Did Not Dare to Buy in Bulk.

They had a row of a board of governors of a New York woman's club was discussing the question of the club's liquor buying.

"It is rather a matter of indifference to us," she said, "whether we get a license or not. Women, you know, are not given to drinking. They are too careful of their appearance. They desire to remain slim and fresh, and wine, as you know, tends to make us course and stale and fat."

"So if we had a license I think we should sell little." It would not be with us as with a farmer I once met in Scotland.

"Traveling in the Scottish highlands one summer, I stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer:

"'Ah, what a superb place to live in!'

"'Oh, aye,' he answered in conventional Scotch, 'it's a' richt, but hoo wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk fifteen mile like ane yo wanted a bit glass o' whusky?'

"'Oh, well,' said I, 'why don't you get a demijohn of whisky and keep it in the house?'

"He shook his head sadly.

"'Whusky,' he said, 'won't keep.'"—New York Tribune.

ULTIMATE FATE OF FISH.

They Never Die a Natural Death, Says an Observant Fisherman.

"Fish never die a natural death," said an old fisherman who has observed as he fished. "If they did bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water about all the while, because such bodies if not molested would have to float.

"I mean, of course, fish in nature, never like a natural death, but fish in captivity. And perhaps it should not be called natural death that fish in captivity die. Their environment produces mortality that fish in their native haunts would escape, and these causes might be properly classed as among the accidents that carry the captive fish off.

"If fish in their native element were never molested I believe they would never die. If they had sufficient food which would be impossible if they no longer preyed on one another, there would be no reason for their dying. It was to prevent such uninterrupted tenure of life that all fish were made ferocious predatory if not remorselessly cannibalistic, as many kinds are.

"A fish's life is a constantly strenuous one and one entirely selfish. A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten."—New York Sun.

A Literary Month.

April has been a generous month in regard to the gift of writers of the first rank. To begin with, there are Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Swinburne, among the poets, and Fielding, Hans Anderson, Charlotte Bronte, Hobbes, Gibbons, Rhoda Broughton and Zola are among the number of other notable April births. On the other hand, the month has showers proved fatal to Shakespeare, Wordsworth (both on April 23), Goldsmith, Oliver Russell, Matthew Arnold, Byron, Chaucer, Tasso, Racine, to name only the principal among the poets who have passed away in April, while among other writers that April has taken away have been Bacon, La Fontaine, Humboldt, Darwin, Franklin, De Foe and Emerson.—Dundee Advertiser.

Overshot the Mark.

McClusky was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One fine morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm and had decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank offering.

"Weel, weel," said McClusky as he took the purse. "This beats a'! I never thocht ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're a' sae sorry to lose me, I think I'll no gang awa'; but just stop whaur I am."

He is still in Glasgow.—Glasgow Times.

"Sick" Yachts.

There is a form of sickness among boats, declares Forest and Stream, that resembles hereditary diseases, in that they are handed down through succeeding years as a result of mere custom. The cause of this form of ailment, nine times out of ten, is some artificial limitations, called racing rules, to suit which the yacht's shape is distorted, just as women, to be in style, will lace themselves into a sixteen inch waist measure or will pad themselves out of all proportion to their natural shape.

The Verdict.

A Georgia coroner's jury brought in the following verdict:

"The deceased came to his death from a railroad in the hands of a receiver, and the same is manslaughter in the first degree."—Atlanta Constitution.

Voice Cultivation.

Pedestrian—What a horrible whine you have in asking for assistance. You ought to have your voice cultivated.—Tramp—Dat's wot I wants money fer, boss. I'm finkin' uv havin' me voice irrigated.—Chicago News.

To Make Sure.

"An old subscriber writes us to know what a married couple can live comfortably on," said the stenographer. "Tell her a thousand a year more than they have," answered the correspondence editor wisely.—Life.

Strong Influence.

Friend — You have great influence over your husband. He never left your side all yesterday. How did you manage it? Wife—Oh, I just sat firmly on the tails of his coat; that's all.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

He who despises small things never becomes rich.—Danish Proverb.

MOSLEM ETIQUETTE.

Always Be In Good Humor and Talk Fluently.

Dyer [illegible] Mussulman, in [illegible] of politeness, says the London Lancet, "the honor of being served first belongs to the invited guest who is in the possession of any high title or who has in any way or sphere distinguished himself. If the host himself is the oldest in the company or has any high distinction of merit, he must first begin the meal without delay in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be in a melancholy mood at table or to speak of disagreeable things or to engage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious piety. Foremost of all, one must always be in good humor and talk of pleasant things, as did the prophet himself.

"You must always help yourself from the side of the dish nearest to you and never try to find out the best bits, which ought to be left for other guests. If one of the invited has not much appetite, you must ask him up to three times with some kind chosen words to partake of the meals. A longer insistance would cause spite and would be most inappropriate. You must never stop eating before others, because in doing so you will embarrass them and cause them to finish quickly in imitating you.

"Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to conceal your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as possible, encouraging the timid and shy. It is customary to send bits to address and to fix the attention of a guest whom he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much he must always try not to finish before others. Should any dish be forbidden to him by his medical attendant he certainly must not partake of it, but must at the same time excuse himself before his guests. It is also his duty to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.

A GOOD LAWN.

The Best Way to Prepare the Ground and Sow the Seed.

A good lawn may be made either by laying sod or growing seed. If turf is used the lawn is sometimes ready for use in less time than when seed is used, but practically the difference is very slight, for weeds are quite as apt to appear in turf every year. The turf or soil is nearly always obtained from a nearby field. It abounds in coarse grasses and pernicious weeds. The former may be got rid of after considerable trouble, but the latter rarely ever. Sod laid lawns are nearly always uneven, seamy and varied in color and texture. Their cost, too, is much in excess of a lawn produced from a mixture of good seed, preferably seeds of the finer grasses and clovers is superior in quality and texture to the best soil obtainable. To obtain the best results from sowing the ground should be carefully dug over and two bags, six to eight inches will be enough and finely raked off; then sow on broadcast a good fertilizer, say [illegible] pounds to the acre, or about ten pounds to every 15 by 15 square feet. Rake this in and roll it or flatten it with the back of a spade; then sow seventy pounds of some good lawn seed to the acre, or one pound to every 15 by 15 feet. Sow half this quantity walking one way and half walking at right angles to it, so as to get even distribution. Do not sow in windy weather, and be sure to rake the seed in and after sowing roll it well or beat it flat with the spade.

Those seeds that are deeply buried will not germinate, and those that are exposed will be scorched by the sun, blown or washed away or taken by the birds. Whenever necessary to sow in summer it is better to mix with rye or oats to protect the tender shoots from the hot sun.—Suburban Life.

The "Coney" of the Bible.

There is a queer little rock animal found in thousands in all parts of Cape Colony, South Africa, and called by the Dutch "daasje" (pronounced in English "dassie"). This little creature has many other names, such as the coney, daman, rock badger and rock rabbit. It is found also in Syria and is really the "coney" of the Bible, for one of the psalms contains this verse, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and the rocks for the conies," while in the book of Proverbs we read, "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." The South African daasje is a pretty gray, furry creature, merry and sun loving, and when taken young makes a charming pet.—Amy Sutherland in St. Nicholas.

The Drawback.

Mlle. Victorine confides to the janitor's wife that her mistress, who is old and feeble, has promised to remember her in her will if she takes good care of her till she dies. The janitor's wife shrugs her shoulders.

"The worst of that is, my dear, that the better you take care of her the longer you'll have to wait for your legacy."—Paris Journal.

Both Out and In.

The Needy One—I say, old man, could you lend me a dollar for a day or two? The Other One—My dear fellow, the dollar I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back.—Harper's Weekly.

Impertinent.

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how I ran!" "An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother innocently.—Cleveland Leader.

Overcharged.

"Electricity in the atmosphere affects your system," said the doctor. "Yes," said the patient, who had paid $10 for two visits, "there are times when one feels overcharged."

Every nation mocks at other nations, and all are right.—Schopenhauer.

HUMOR OF WAR.

A Federal Lieutenant Who Was Worse Than Dead.

During the civil war the commander of a marching detachment [illegible] always his eye scowled at its rear guard, then shouted aloud: "Close up! Close up, you fellows! Why, if the enemy were to fire on us now they wouldn't hit one of you." Another commander, while a battle was in progress, came upon a straggler who was running away, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "My man, don't be a baby!" the general remonstrated, thinking to shame the renegade. "Boo-hoo! Wisht I was a baby, and a gal baby at that," was the answer that showed him the case was hopeless.

That is less humanly amusing than the answer of a guileless lieutenant who, with half a company, had been captured and paroled by the ubiquitous John Morgan. Upon reaching Federal territory the lieutenant made haste to report to the nearest post commander, who, after duly welcoming the newcomer, said: "Tell me how all this happened. Were you surprised?"

"Surprised! A heap worse'n that, I tell you. I was plum astonished to see them gray fellers. I was, for a fact, colonel," the lieutenant answered, with the air of one who fully covers the case.—Success Magazine.

BONANZA POKER.

A Game That Staggered a Haughty Commercial Traveler.

Poker, say those who can remember back to the times of the old west, has seen its best days. No longer are such regal battles waged over the green cloth as when the newly fledged millionaires, and with money to burn and with plenty of sporting spirit to burn it.

"It was in the famous Silver Bow club at Helena, Mont., that they used to play big poker," says a man who be[illegible] members. "At the game one night sat Marcus Daly, Senator Hearst and J. B. Haggin, when there burst in a raillant New York drummer who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and [illegible] asked if he might take a hand.

"'Why, yes; come right in,' said Daly.

"The drummer threw a hundred dollar note on the table. 'Let me have chips for that,' he said gravely.

"He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"'What's the matter, gentlemen?' the traveling man hastily inquired. 'Ain't me money good?'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Daly. 'Hearst, are the gentleman one white chip?'—Scrap Book.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Caleb Bruce was a famous Adirondack guide who accompanied Grover Cleveland on one or two of his hunting trips in Ouluskamuntic. Caleb left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should the chance to find one. When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the rod of his fishing tackle diverting at the presidential cheek.

"Here," shouted Caleb, "can that, dod gasted, you! Suppose that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Don'ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

A Plant of All Work.

The fields as well as the broad roads of Egypt are inclosed by aloe[illegible] surmounted by the broad leaved American aloe. The aloe, sometimes called the century plant, is one of the most useful and important plants in the country. The Indians thatch their huts with its leaves. The leaves when tapped yield sirup. They can also be used as soap and the spines as pins. The fiber is woven into sacks, and from it are made the coarse sandals worn by the common people. The tall flower stalks are used for beams and ladders. The flowers, boiled and soaked in vinegar, make an agreeable pickle.—National Geographic Magazine.

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